

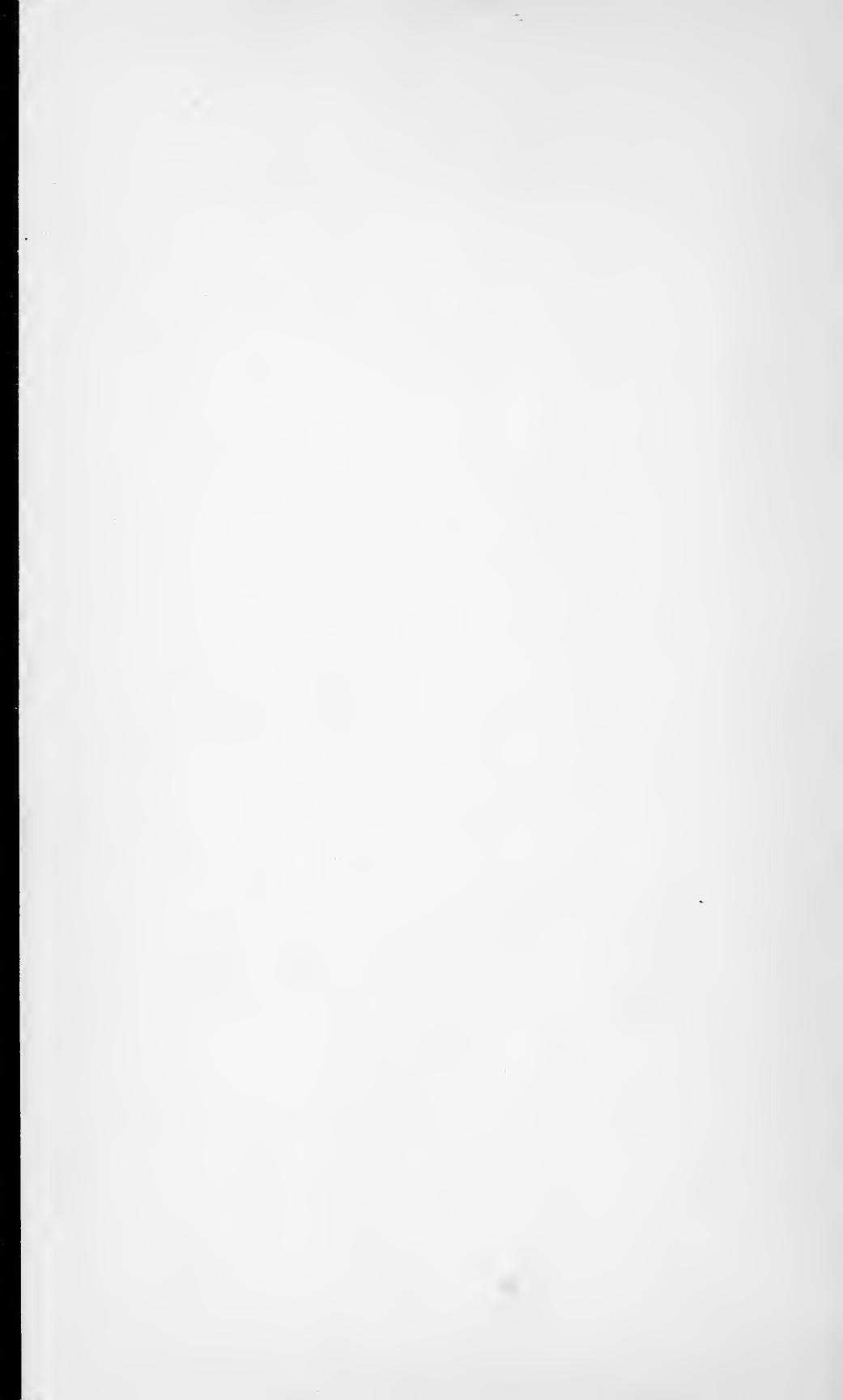
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HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY
BY GEORGE M. COHAN



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"HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY"

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

GEORGE M. COHAN

(Based upon the Plot suggested by George Middleton
and Guy Bolton)

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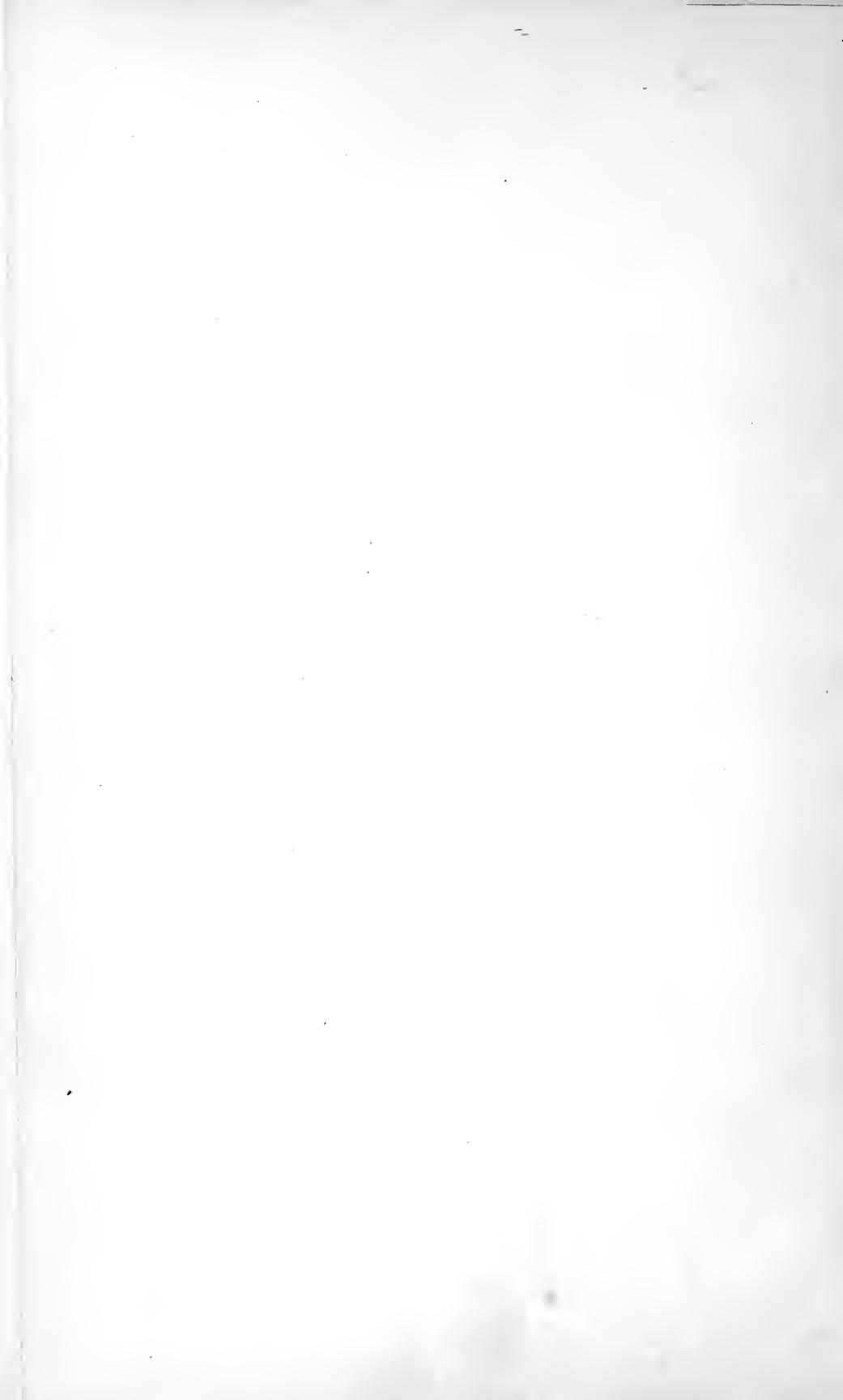
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221.



CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

BILLY HOLLIDAY, of New York.

THE Rev. T. B. HOLDEN, pastor of the Johnsburg Church.

REX GRANGER, the richest man in Johnsburg.

DEAN GRANGER, his son.

BURR JAYSON, proprietor of the American House.

CHIEF CRANDALL, head of the police department.

JED CUSICK, the local expressman.

SAM STALLINGS, the head barber.

JOE CURTIS, his assistant.

PETE, the boy around the place.

GEORGE B. HENDRICKS, the moving picture man.

SMITH, a workman at the brewery.

JONES, another workman.

EDITH HOLDEN, the minister's daughter.

MRS. TEMPLE, a Johnsburg widow.

ANNA, a colored maid.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—The barber shop in the American House.

ACT II.—Living room in the home of the Rev. T. B. Holden.

Time—The next day.

ACT III.—Jayson's private office in the American House.

Time—The following day.

ACT IV.—Same as Act II.

Two weeks later.

LOCAL—Johnsburg, somewhere in New England.

TIME—The present.

“Hit-the-Trail Holliday”

ACT I.

SCENE: The AMERICAN HOUSE barber shop in Johnsburg; a small town shop with three chairs and the usual bits of furniture, including a round Center table on which are copies of the “Police Gazette,” etc. The shop is supposed to be in the basement of the American House, with a stairway running up Left to the hotel office.

At rise of Curtain, JOE CURTIS and JED CUSICK are discovered at Center table playing a game of checkers. SAM STALLINGS is over Right shaving CHIEF CRANDALL.

PETE, *the hat boy, is sweeping the floor.*

PETE

(Whistles “Tipperary” while sweeping. As he gets near the checker players he starts singing the words of the song.)

JED

(Looks up from game.)

Say, shut up that singing, will you please, Pete? A man can't play checkers and listen to singing at the same time.

PETE

(Stops singing and sweeping.)

Well, I ain't askin' you to listen, am I?

JED

No, but I'm askin' you to shut up.

JOE

Don't lose your temper, Jed.

JED

Well, I'd rather lose my temper than lose the game.

SAM

(Finishes the CHIEF's shave and turns him around in chair, facing the audience.)

Want some bay rum on your hair, Chief?

CHIEF

No, sir! Cologne belongs on women; that's my idea of it. Just plain water and plenty of vaseline.

SAM

All right, Chief.

(Gets vaseline and rubs it on CHIEF's hair.)

CHIEF

How are you coming out, Joe?

JOE

Rotten! He's got four kings to my two.

JED

You won't have them in a minute. There goes one of 'em right now.

(Jumps and takes JOE's king.)

JOE

(Turns R. toward CHIEF.)

You see? If you hadn't started to talk to me I wouldn't have moved into that jump.

CHIEF

I'm sorry, Joe.

SAM

Jed'll beat him—he always does.

JOE

How do you know he'll beat me?

SAM

'Cause he's the best checker player in town.

JED

Thank you, Sam.

JOE

That's right, give him a swelled head.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

JED

Come on, come on, move! It's your move.

JOE

Well, keep your shirt on, will you? A man can't think and argue at the same time.

(PETE *whistles.*)

Shut up whistling, will you!

PETE

(Stops *whistling.*)

Oh, all right!

JED

Yes, and if you must whistle, for God's sake, learn a new tune.

JOE

That's what I say. Tipperary must be ten thousand miles from here, the way they keep harping on it.

CHIEF

(Laughs.)

That's a pretty good one. Did you hear that, Sam?

SAM

Yes, he gets them off right along.

(Combs the CHIEF'S hair.)

JED

(Jumps JOE'S last king.)

There you go. You owe me a quarter.

(Rises.)

JOE

Well, don't brag about it.

(Rises.)

I'll pay you Saturday night.

JED

Well, I'll take fifteen cents' worth of it right now. Give me a shave, and then you'll only owe me a dime.

(Turns upstage L. and takes off his coat. PETE takes his coat and hangs it up C., then comes down to table and puts checker-board in drawer of table. JOE starts upstage L.)

CHIEF

Did you beat him, Jed?

JED

Yep.

(Goes to barber chair *L.* and sits.)

JOE

Sure, he beat me. With the aid of a lot of conversation and this musical sweeper we have here, how could he help but beat me?

SAM

Don't lose your temper, Joe.

(CHIEF rises and pays SAM.)

JOE

Oh, rats!

(Comes to below JED'S chair.)

Say, you haven't paid for a shave in six months, have you?

JED

Not since you learned how to play checkers.

CHIEF

Come on, Pete, give us a shine.

(Gets up on bootblack stand *R.*)

PETE

(To JOE, as he comes downstage and over to CHIEF.)

Anybody would think you owned the shop, to hear your talk.

(Starts blacking the CHIEF'S shoes.)

JOE

Well, if I did own the shop, I wouldn't have you around whistling in everybody's ear. And anyway, I wouldn't own the darn old shop anyway. It's losing anywhere from fifteen to twenty dollars a week. The boss told me so himself.

CHIEF

Is that right, Sam?

SAM

(Folding up linen, etc.)

Yes, I guess the whole hotel's been losin' a lot of money right along. The old man seems pretty much discouraged.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

CHIEF

That's too bad. He's a mighty nice old feller. Darned if I ain't sorry for him.

SAM

So am I. He's a temperance crank and all that sort of thing, but just the same he's as square as they make 'em, and that's why I hate to leave.

CHIEF

Are you leaving?

SAM

Sure! Going over to the new hotel when it opens week after next.

CHIEF

You don't mean it!

SAM

Well, you can't blame me, can you? Five dollars more a week and an up-to-date shop. Joe's going too.

JOE

You bet I am!

(Starts lathering JED.)

PETE

I'm going too, Chief. Ain't I, Sam?

SAM

That's right.

CHIEF

You don't say!

SAM

Yes, and Beasley, the head clerk, and Barnes, the bus driver. I guess young Granger hired everybody he could from here, didn't he, Joe?

JOE

Sure he did.

(Goes slightly C.)

Pretty near the whole force except the table girls. They're going to have men waiters over there, I understand—Frenchmen from New York. It's a regular big city hotel—got a bowling alley and everything. Have you been through it, Chief?

CHIEF

No, I've been too busy. I ain't been near the place.

JOE

Well, believe me, it's a regular ripper! Sixty rooms—and a bath in most of em; two dining-rooms and a billiard room. And as for the barber shop! Well, wait till it opens. It'll knock your eye out, won't it, Sam?

(*Back to JED.*)

SAM

It sure will. And they're going to have the finest bar-room I ever seen—big chandeliers all over the place.

JOE

(*Over to C.*)

Yes, and they're going to have an automobile bus to take the borders to the depot, and——

JED

(*Sits up, with lather on his face.*)

Say, are you going to let this stuff dry on my face, or are you going to shave me?

(SAM and CHIEF laugh.)

JOE

(*Crosses to below JED.*)

Well, what are you kicking about? You're getting it for nothing, ain't you.

JED

No, I ain't. I beat you, and had three kings to spare.

JOE

(*Goes to above JED'S chair.*)

I suppose you'll go all over town blowin' about it.

JED

Well, I don't intend sittin' here all day like a blame fool with this stuff on my face.

(SAM sits R. of C. table.)

JOE

Well, stop talking and I'll shave you.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

JED

Well, shave me and stop talking.

PETE

(Finishing the CHIEF's shine.)

How's that, Chief?

CHIEF

(Rises.)

Just right. All I wanted was the dirt off of 'em.

(PETE gets whisk and brushes the CHIEF's clothes.)

Glossy shoes belongs on dudes, that's my idea of it.

(Hands PETE some change.)

Here you are. There's seven cents—two for yourself.

PETE

Thanks, Chief.

(Straightens things on bootblack stand, then sits on stand reading paper.)

CHIEF

(To SAM as he goes upstage R. to get his hat.)

What's old man Jayson going to do when the new hotel opens?

SAM

What do you mean?

CHIEF

(As he comes downstage R.)

Well, is he going to go along here, or close up shop?

SAM

I don't think he knows himself what he's going to do, Chief. He certainly won't stand much chance against the Johnsburg House, with all the modern improvements.

JOE

(Goes to C.)

No; if he's got any sense he'll close up and quit, and that's about what he'll do.

JED

(Impatiently.)

Come on, shave me, shave me!

JOE

(Back to JED.)

All right, all right; you needn't cry about it.

CHIEF

(As he starts up R.)

Well, see you sooner.

SAM

All right, Chief.

CHIEF

(Turns L.)

Good-bye, boys.

JOE

So long.

JED

Good-bye, Chief.

CHIEF

(Starts to exit R. and meets MRS. TEMPLE entering.)

Oh, hello, Mrs. Temple.

(SAM rises.)

MRS. TEMPLE

How do you do, Chief.

(To SAM.)

May I come in for a moment, Mr. Stallings?

SAM

(Goes to below C. table.)

Sure, come right ahead.

MRS. TEMPLE

(Comes down R. below C. table.)

I didn't know whether it was altogether proper for a lady to enter a barber shop, but I thought I'd chance it, anyway.

CHIEF

(As he comes down R.)

That's all right, Mrs. Temple; I've seen lots of ladies in barber shops.

SAM

Sure! Some of 'em come in and wait for their husbands while they get their hair cut.

JOE

Yes, and some of 'em tell us how they want it cut, too.

MRS. TEMPLE

(*To SAM.*)

Well, I just wanted to ask if you'd object to my leaving a few of these handbills here. It's just a little advertisement for the temperance meeting to-night at Johnsburg Hall.

SAM

Sure, leave as many as you like. Here, give 'em to me.

(*She hands him a stack of the bills.*)

I'll put 'em right here on the table where they can see 'em and pick 'em up.

(*Goes above table and places them on same.*)

MRS. TEMPLE

Thank you; that's very kind. It might be the means of encouraging a few to attend.

(*Turns R. to CHIEF and hands him a bill.*)

Have one, Chief?

(*CHIEF takes the bill.*)

Just a little bill I got up myself. We're doing everything possible to create interest—we do so want a big crowd.

CHIEF

(*Reads bill.*)

"The day of note will surely come;
When women vote, good-bye to rum."

(*JED falls back in his chair, groaning.*)

MRS. TEMPLE

Rather good. Don't you think so?

JOE

(*Turns upstage L.*)

Oh, that's awful!

MRS. TEMPLE

(Turns to JOE.)

Awful!

(Crosses to L.)

JOE

(Turns to her.)

Awful good, I mean. I'd like to have a few of them to pass out to my friends, if you don't mind.

MRS. TEMPLE

Why, surely, Mr. Curtis. Here, take a number of them.

(Hands him several of the bills, then comes down to R. of JED, who is in chair.)

Will you have one, sir?

JED

Yes; thanks, Mrs. Temple.

(Takes the bill.)

MRS. TEMPLE

Why, Mr. Cusick, I didn't recognize you with that cold cream on your face.

(SAM and CHIEF laugh.)

JED

That isn't cold cream, Mrs. Temple.

JOE

No, that's Scott's Emulsion.

(All laugh.)

MRS. TEMPLE

(Laughs)

Why, the idea of such a thing!

(To JED.)

My brother Charlie tells me you won a hat from him playing checkers the other day.

JED

That's right; I beat him out of a hat.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she starts up L.)

He tells me you play a splendid game.

(Turns to SAM.)

Would it be all right if I go to the hotel office this way? I want Edith Holden to do some typewriting for me.

SAM

Sure, go right ahead, Mrs. Temple.

MRS. TEMPLE

Thank you so much. You will see that the customers' attention is called to the bills, won't you?

SAM

I'll see to it myself.

MRS. TEMPLE

Thanks awfully. Good-day, gentlemen.

ALL

Good-day.

MRS. TEMPLE

(Starts up L. stairs, passing HOLLIDAY as he enters and comes down into shop. She turns back to him.)

I beg your pardon, sir; but at your leisure glance at this, and if you're in town this evening, by all means attend. It will mean an interesting hour of entertainment, and sound, common sense will be brought forward in favor of temperance and women's rights; 7:30, at Johnsburg Hall. Several eloquent speakers. I'm sure you'll enjoy it if you come.

(Hands HOLLIDAY one of the bills. PETE goes upstage C. and sits L. of R. door.)

HOLLIDAY

Thank you very much.

MRS. TEMPLE

The pleasure is mine, I assure you.

*(Exits up L. stairs.)**(HOLLIDAY comes downstage to L. of C. table, reading the bill.)*

SAM

(Calls.)

Pete!

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Runs down to HOLLIDAY, as SAM motions to the latter.)

I'll take your hat and coat, sir.

HOLLIDAY

(Removes his hat and coat and loosens his collar and scarf, and then sits L. of table reading the bill.)

(PETE takes the hat and coat upstage C. and hangs them on hat-rack.)

CHIEF

(Laughs.)

Is your wife a Suffragette, Sam?

SAM

I don't know; I never asked her.

CHIEF

(As he goes up R.)

How'd you like to have your wife passin' out bills, Jed?

JED

I wish to God she'd pass them out to someone besides me.

CHIEF

(Laughs.)

What are you goin' to do with all them bills, Joe?

JOE

Use 'em for soap wipers; they're just the right size.

(The CHIEF laughs.)

HOLLIDAY

(As he reads bill.)

Temperance! Well, well!

CHIEF

(Aside to SAM, as he indicates HOLLIDAY.)

Nobby shirt that fellow's got on.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

SAM

(Looking over at HOLLIDAY.)

Yeh, pretty good one.

CHIEF

(Still looking at HOLLIDAY.)

Who is he, do you know?

SAM

(Aside.)

I don't know—stranger. Traveling man, I guess.

CHIEF

(Aside.)

Quite a dandy.

SAM

(Aside.)

He's a slicker, all right.

CHIEF

Well, see you sooner.

(Exits up R.)

SAM

Sure!

(HOLLIDAY whistles "Tipperary.")

(JOE and JED look over at him, disgusted.)

(After a pause.)

Next!

HOLLIDAY

(Looks over at SAM.)

Oh, I beg your pardon; were you waiting for me?

(Goes over to R. of barber shop and sits.)

SAM

Yes, sir.

(After HOLLIDAY is in chair.)

Shave or hair-cut?

HOLLIDAY

Shave, please.

SAM

(As he puts linen on HOLLIDAY.)

Pleasant day, isn't it?

HOLLIDAY

Is it?

SAM

Once over?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, get it over at once.

SAM

Something to read?

(Usual barber shop business.)

HOLLIDAY

All right.

SAM

(Calls.)

Pete!

PETE

Yes, sir!

SAM

"Police Gazette."

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Takes "Police Gazette" from C. table, hands it to HOLLIDAY, then goes upstage C. and sits.)

JOE

(To JED.)

So—you get your hats for nothing too, do you?

JED

Well, it ain't costin' you nothing, is it?

JOE

Say, do you want a nice, hot towel?

JED

Oh, you want to get even with me by burning my face, do you? No, sir; cold water—and I'll part my own hair as soon as you wet it.

JOE

You know, if checkers was crooked, I'd suspect you.

JED

Oh, you're jealous of my game.

JOE

Who wouldn't be—getting everything for nothing.

HOLLIDAY

(*Reading sign on R. wall.*)

"Nearly Beer, cool and refreshing."

(*To SAM.*)

What's that?

SAM

(*Looks up at sign.*)

That? Oh, that's a temperance drink the boss got up.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, I see!

(*After a slight pause.*)

Where is this new hotel that's going up here.

SAM

The Johnsburg?

HOLLIDAY

Yes.

SAM

Two blocks down Main Street on the opposite side.

HOLLIDAY

Quite a place, I understand.

SAM

Nothin' to beat it 'tween here and New York. It opens a week from next Saturday.

(*After a slight pause.*)

Is the town strange to you?

HOLLIDAY

Very strange.

SAM

Here on business, I suppose.

HOLLIDAY

I suppose so.

SAM

(Laughs.)

That's a pretty good one!

JOE

You got your answer that time, Sam.

SAM

That's right.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

All jokin' aside, how do you find business?

(Strops razor.)

HOLLIDAY

Go out and look for it.

SAM

(Laughs.)

Did you hear that one, Joe?

JOE

(Goes slightly C.)

Oh, that's an old one. Lew Dockstader sprung that one at the Opera House two years ago.

JED

That's right. I was there that night—I had a ticket.

JOE

(Back to JED.)

I'll bet you won it.

JED

Go on, wet my hair.

(JOE wets JED's hair, then raises chair. JED rises.)

SAM

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Do you want your nails manicured?

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

HOLLIDAY

Yes; have you got a manicure girl here in the shop?

SAM

Yes, sir!

(Calls.)

Pete!

PETE

(Comes down R.)

Here you are!

SAM

Go up and tell Edith there's a customer here.

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Runs up L. stairs.)

SAM

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Our manicure girl is the minister's daughter.

HOLLIDAY

The minister's daughter? Well, well!

SAM

Yes; she's the typewriter too.

HOLLIDAY

You don't say!

SAM

Yes. She's upstairs most of the time. There's only two or three of the local boys that's very fussy about their finger-nails.

HOLLIDAY

So I've noticed.

JED

(Aside to JOE while combing his own hair.)

Say, who is that feller over there?

(Indicating HOLLIDAY.)

JOE

I don't know.

JED

A salesman of some kind, I bet.

JOE

Yes; probably sells checker-boards.

JED

Well, if he does, you better buy one from him and practice.

JOE

Say, are you going to tip me the ten cents I owe you?

JED

No, sir! I can't afford to go 'round tippin' people. It's all I can do to pay my own expenses.

JOE

(Turns to SAM.)

Charge me up with a shave, Sam.

SAM

All right.

JED

Come on, pay me that dime you owe me.

(JOE pays him the dime.)

(JED goes upstage C., gets his coat and puts it on.)

(Brewery whistle heard offstage.)

SAM

There goes the brewery whistle.

(Turns HOLLIDAY around in chair, facing front.)

HOLLIDAY

What's that, twelve o'clock?

SAM

That's what it is.

(Dinner gong rings up-stairs.)

(JED starts toward L. stairs.)

JOE

(To JED.)

I suppose you're going up-stairs to play old man Jayson a game for your dinner,

JED

That's just what I'm going to do. I'll challenge him, anyway.

PETE

(*Comes down L. stairs and goes toward SAM.*)

Edith will be down in a minute.

SAM

All right, Pete.

JED

Well, over the river, Sam.

(*Starts for L. stairs.*)

(JOE is down L. taking off his barber coat.)

SAM

Good-bye.

JED

Going to eat, Joe?

JOE

(*Combing his hair in front of L. mirror.*)

Yes; but I ain't goin' to eat alongside of you.

JED

(*Laughs.*)

What are you jealous of, my appetite or my luck?

JOE

Neither; but I ain't goin' to listen to you braggin' about yourself.
I'll tell you that right now.

(*Follows JED up L. stairs.*)

SAM

Don't be all day, Joe; I'm kinda hungry myself.

JOE

What do you think I'm goin' to do, die of dyspepsia?
(*Exits L. stairs, following JED.*)

PETE

(*Has come down to in front of HOLLIDAY.*)

Want your shoes brushed off?

HOLLIDAY

What's the matter, can't you brush them on?

PETE

That's what I mean.

HOLLIDAY

Then why didn't you say so?

SAM

(Laughs.)

Gee! that's a good one!

(To HOLLIDAY.)

New one, ain't it?

PETE

Sure, it's a new one. I'm goin' to spring it on Joe after dinner?

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Did you get that joke up yourself, Mister?

HOLLIDAY

Yes; that is, not all alone. Two other fellows and myself figured it out.

PETE

They must have been the two fellows that sprung it here last week, eh, Sam?

SAM

(Frowns at PETE.)

Shut up!

HOLLIDAY

Say, am I being strung here?

PETE

Most of the drummers tell good jokes about the Ford cars. Do you know any of them? I haven't heard one to-day.

HOLLIDAY

(To SAM.)

Say, where is this boy from?

SAM

Who, Pete? He belongs here in town.

HOLLIDAY

No, he doesn't. He may live here, but he doesn't belong here.

PETE

Oh, don't mind me, Mister; I'm just a little silly in the head, that's all.

HOLLIDAY

So I perceive.

EDITH

(Comes down *L.* stairs and goes downstage to above manicure table.)

SAM

(As he sees EDITH.)

Here you are, Edith, right over here.

EDITH

I'm sorry to keep you waiting. I had to do some typing for Mrs. Temple. She's going to speak to-night at Johnsburg Hall.

(Prepares manicure things on table.)

SAM

Yes, she was in here and left some bills.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Do you want to be manicured here or over at the table?

HOLLIDAY

(Turns and looks at EDITH.)

Over at the table.

SAM

All right; I'm through, anyway.

(EDITH goes upstage with bowl and fills it with water.)

He'll go over there, Edith.

(Takes linen from HOLLIDAY and brushes his hair.)

EDITH

Very well.

DEAN

(Enters from *R.*)

Hello, Sam!

(Comes slightly down *R.*,

SAM

Hello, Dean!

DEAN

Has my father been in here?

SAM

I haven't seen him.

DEAN

He promised to meet me here at twelve o'clock.

(HOLLIDAY rises, puts on his collar and scarf in front of R. mirror.)

SAM

Maybe he's up in the office. Want Pete to run up and see?

DEAN

Yes, go on, Pete.

(PETE starts L., passing below C. table.)

(If he's up there, tell him I'm down here getting my nails polished.)

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Runs up L. stairs.)

DEAN

(Starts L.)

Hello, Edith.

EDITH

(Comes downstage to above manicure table.)

Good-morning.

DEAN

(Sits L. of manicure table.)

Come on, get busy; I haven't got much time. You needn't trim them short, and I don't want much of a polish, either. I'm in a hurry.

EDITH

You'll have to wait, I'm afraid.

DEAN

What for?

EDITH

(As she looks over at HOLLIDAY.)

There's someone ahead of you.

SAM

This gentleman spoke first, Dean.

DEAN

(Rises, bangs chair against the table and goes to above C. table.)

Well, it's a darn strange thing! It seems I have to wait every time I come into this shop. Thank God, the new hotel opens in a few days, and then there'll be no more of this funny business.

HOLLIDAY

(Has been standing R. arranging his scarf and collar.)

(He gives DEAN an occasional glance during this tirade.)

(To SAM, as he hands him a bill.)

Keep it all.

(Starts L.)

SAM

Oh, thank you, sir.

HOLLIDAY

(To EDITH.)

How do you do?

EDITH

(Bows, and motions him to sit L. of table.)

This side, please.

HOLLIDAY

(Goes to L. of table.)

Thank you.

(To EDITH, who comes down to R. of table.)

The barber tells me you're the minister's daughter.

EDITH

(To HOLLIDAY, after looking over at SAM with a little smile.)

Well, don't hold it against me—I'm quite human.

(Sits R. of table; HOLLIDAY L. of it.)

DEAN

(To HOLLIDAY, as he goes above manicure table.)

Say, would you mind waiting ten or fifteen minutes? I'm in a hurry.

HOLLIDAY

(*Looks up at DEAN, smiles at his impertinence, then to EDITH.*)
Do they let it run around town loose this way?

DEAN

What do you mean by that?

EDITH

(*To DEAN.*)

This gentleman is in a hurry himself.

DEAN

(*Starts downstage C., then turns to EDITH.*)

I wasn't talking to you. I asked him a civil question. If he was a gentleman he'd answer yes or no.

(*Goes to below C. table.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*To EDITH.*)

He'll get so mean in a minute I'm afraid I'll have to kill him.

DEAN

(*To HOLLIDAY, as he goes to above manicure table.*)

Say, who do you think you're talking to?

HOLLIDAY

(*To EDITH, ignoring DEAN.*)

Do you believe in capital punishment?

DEAN

(*Glares at HOLLIDAY, then goes R. to SAM, passing below table.*)

Say, who is this fellow, Sam?

(SAM drops down R. as DEAN starts R.)

SAM

Take it easy, Dean; don't get excited.

DEAN

Well, I've got a right to get excited, haven't I?

(SAM goes upstage R.)

I've been insulted, haven't I?

(Turns L.)

PETE

(*To DEAN, as he comes down L. stairs.*)

Your father ain't up there.

(*Goes upstage C. to L. of door.*)

DEAN

(*As he goes upstage L.*)

Oh, I don't care a damn whether he is or not.

(*Glares at HOLLIDAY.*)

Gee! if there's anything that makes me sick it's a smart Aleck that thinks he knows more than anybody else.

(*As he passes below C. table, grabbing a paper from it.*)

Come on, Pete, give us a shine.

(*Goes R., sits on bootblack stand and reads paper.*)

PETE

Yes, sir.

(*Comes down R. and starts blacking DEAN's shoes.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*To EDITH.*)

Who is the dashing young madman?

EDITH

(*Aside.*)

Oh, that's Dean Granger. His father's the richest man in town

HOLLIDAY

Granger! You don't mean the people who are putting up the new hotel?

EDITH

Yes. They own the brewery, too—practically control the town.

HOLLIDAY

By golly, that's funny!

(*Laughs.*)

(*DEAN lowers his paper and looks over at HOLLIDAY.*)

EDITH

What?

HOLLIDAY

(*As he sees DEAN watching him.*)

Nothing. I'll tell you later on.

MAN

(Enters from R., whistling "Tipperary.")

Hello, Sam!

SAM

Hello!

MAN

Say, change a dime for me, will you?

SAM

Sure.

(Takes dime from MAN and goes to cash register.)

Will two nickels be all right?

MAN

No, give me one nickel and the other in small change, will you?

SAM

Sure.

(Makes change and hands it to MAN.)

MAN

Thanks.

(Exits R. stairs, whistling "Tipperary.")

SAM

(To DEAN, as he comes down R.)

Do you think you'll get the new hotel open on time, Dean?

DEAN

We'll open a week from Saturday. The decorations won't all be finished, but we'll open all right. It'll certainly be a godsend to this town. This is an awful shack, this thing. I get the blues every time I come in here.

SAM

(As he sits R. of C. table.)

I see by the *Chronicle* that you're going to have a chef from the Waldorf in New York.

DEAN

Yes, and a head waiter from the Ritz Carlton, and a head bartender from the Knickerbocker, and two manicures from the Astor, and a stenographer from the Touraine in Boston. I expect them all

in to-morrow. We're bringing them on a week ahead of time so they'll know the house when it opens.

SAM

Gad, it's going to be some hotel, all right.

DEAN

(*Looking meaningfully over at HOLLIDAY.*)

Yes; and we're going to be pretty darned careful who our guests are too.

HOLLIDAY

(*To Edith.*)

He's looking right square at me.

POSTMAN

(*Comes down L. stairs whistling "Tipperary."*)

Here's your mail, Sam.

(*Dumps mail on C. table and starts up R.*)

SAM

Thanks.

(*POSTMAN exits up R. whistling "Tipperary."*)

(*SAM sorts letters; takes one to L. barber shelf and another to cash register shelf, then sits R. of C. table.*)

DEAN

(*To SAM.*)

Did you tell old man Jayson you were coming over with us?

SAM

Yes.

DEAN

What'd he say?

SAM

Oh, he said he didn't blame any of us for bettering ourselves. Of course he feels bad to see us all going, I guess.

DEAN

Well, it's his own fault. Father offered to take this property off his hands and give him the lease of the new place providing he'd put in a bar. But, no sir! The darned old fool stuck to his Prohibition principles, as he calls them, and robbed himself of a chance to have a

real hotel and make some money. Then father got sore and put the new hotel up, anyway. The way we're going to run it we'll probably lose money the first few years, but we figure it'll be a good ad. for the brewery, and it'll help put the town on the map. We're going to have the best bar in the State and the finest stock of wines in the country. We're paying our head bartender a hundred dollars a week.

(SAM and PETE whistle.)

The manager of the Knickerbocker says he's the best man at mixed drinks he's ever seen.

SAM

A hundred dollars a week for tending bar!

DEAN

Yes, sir!

(SAM shakes his head doubtfully, rises and goes up R.)

EDITH

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Do you believe that?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I know it.

EDITH

How?

(HOLLIDAY leans over and whispers to her. As she points to him he nods affirmatively.)

No!

HOLLIDAY

It's a fact.

(Both laugh and look over at DEAN.)

PETE

(To DEAN.)

There you are.

DEAN

(Rises, and goes to R. of EDITH.)

Say, are you laughing at me?

EDITH

(Looks up at him.)

No, really!

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

DEAN

Well, you'll laugh out of the other side of your face when you find yourself without a job

(*Goes R. and pays PETE.*)

(*PETE straightens bootblack stand, then exits up R.*)

This place'll be closed up two weeks after we open the Johnsburg House. You can't say I didn't offer you the chance, anyway.

(*Paces up and down R.*)

EDITH

I told you I was very thankful for the offer, but that I'd prefer to stay here as long as Mr. Jayson would keep me.

DEAN

Oh, piffle! that's not the reason at all.

(*Crosses to R. of EDITH.*)

Why don't you tell the truth? Your father wouldn't let you take the job because he knew we were going to sell liquor—that's the reason.

(*JAYSON enters on L. stairs.*)

Well, you can tell your father for me that if it wasn't for the brewery half his congregation wouldn't have any nickels and dimes to toss in the plate and help support his church.

(*JAYSON works slowly above table C. to R. of it.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*Rises.*)

Now that's just about enough out of you, young fellow.

DEAN

What have you got to say about it? Who are you?

EDITH

(*To HOLLIDAY, as he starts toward DEAN.*)

Please don't mind him. We don't pay any attention to anything he says. We're all used to him.

(*Looks over at SAM.*)

Aren't we, Sam.

SAM

Why —

DEAN

(*To EDITH.*)

What do you mean by that?

EDITH

Now please let's drop the matter. I don't care to discuss it any further.

(*Sits on R. of table; HOLLIDAY L. of it.*)

DEAN

(*To EDITH.*)

Say, who do you think you're talking to?

JAYSON

(*R. of C. table.*)

What's the matter, Dean?

DEAN

There's nothing the matter with me, but there's something the matter with that fellow over there.

(*Goes to above manicure table glaring at HOLLIDAY.*)

(*SAM drops downstage R.*)

(*JAYSON starts toward EDITH.*)

If he thinks he can bluff me he's mistaken; I'll tell him that right now.

(*Goes to above C. table, then down R. of it.*)

SAM

Don't get excited, Dean.

DEAN

You mind your own business; I know what I'm doing.

(*Paces angrily up and down R.*)

JAYSON

(*R. of EDITH.*)

What's the trouble, Edith?

EDITH

It's all right, Mr. Jayson. It's nothing, really.

(*JAYSON turns upstage L.*)

JOE

(*Comes down L. stairs and starts R.*)

Go to it, Sam, I'm finished. Cranberry pie.

SAM

It's about time.

(*Crosses upstage and exits L. stairs.*)

JOE

Hello, Dean.

DEAN

Oh, hello!

(Goes to above manicure table.)

Gosh, if there's anything I hate it's a fresh guy that butts into other people's business.

(Crosses above C. table, then down R.; JAYSON following.)

JOE

Oh, excuse me; I didn't mean to butt in.

DEAN

I'm not talking to you, you damn fool!

(Sits R. of C. table.)

(JOE turns upstage R.)

(JAYSON comes down to R. of DEAN.)

EDITH

(To HOLLIDAY.)

He acts like that all the time.

HOLLIDAY

Pleasant little party, isn't he?

DEAN

(To JAYSON.)

Did my father send word that he was coming over here to see you?

JAYSON

Not that I know of.

DEAN

Well, he is. Said he'd be here at twelve o'clock. I've been waiting around here like a fool for him too.

JAYSON

What's he want to see me about?

DEAN

He'll tell you when he gets here.

JAYSON

(Turns R.)

Give me a cold towel, Joe.

(Sits in R. barber chair.)

JOE

Yes, sir.

(Wets towel upstage L., comes down and puts it on JAYSON's face.)

HOLLIDAY

(Looking over R.)

Who's the old gentleman?

EDITH

That's Mr. Jayson, the proprietor of the hotel. He's a fine man.

DEAN

(Reads from bill he has picked up from table.)

"The church is your friend,

The saloon is your foe;

Avoid Demon Rum,

And to prayer meeting go."

(Rolls bill into a wad and fires it on the floor.)

Well, if that wouldn't make anybody sick and tired, I don't know what would.

(One cheer offstage, then fife and drum play "Tipperary.")

JOE

What's that, I wonder?

DEAN

Another reform celebration, I suppose.

JAYSON

Hurry up, Joe, I want to see what it is.

JOE

There you are, Boss, I'm all finished.

(Takes cloth from JAYSON's face; JAYSON rises.)

PETE

(Comes running in from R.)

Hey, there's a Prohibition parade going by the hotel, Mr. Jayson.

(Crowd offstage starts spelling J-A-Y-S-O-N.)

They're spelling your name and cheering you.

(Exits R.)

JAYSON

(As he starts up R.)

Well, I guess I'd better go and wave to them, anyway.

GRANGER

(Enters from L. stairs as JAYSON goes up R.)

Hold on, JAYSON.

(Pause until music offstage dies down.)

I want to talk to you.

DEAN

(Rises at sound of GRANGER's voice, and goes up R.)

Hello, Governor, I've been waiting a quarter of an hour for you.

GRANGER

(As he goes to above C. table.)

Well, I had something to do.

JAYSON

(Comes down to R. of GRANGER.)

Hello, Rex.

GRANGER

(Savagely.)

Never mind the hello business. I came over here to see you to find out why you misrepresented this affair at Johnsburg Hall to-night.

JAYSON

Misrepresented it? How do you mean?

GRANGER

When you made arrangements with me you didn't tell me anything about it being a temperance meeting; that's what I mean.

JAYSON

Why, I thought you understood.

GRANGER

Well, I didn't understand, and I'm not going to have it. You can send word to Mrs. Temple and the rest of those lunatics that there ain't going to be any such affair held in any building that I control or have an interest in.

JAYSON

You'd better send word yourself, Rex. They asked me to make the arrangements and you agreed to it and took the check, and now if you want to back out you'll have to tell them yourself; I ain't going to have anything more to do with it.

GRANGER

You know damn well you're at the head of this Prohibition movement—what are you talking about!

JAYSON

Who says I am?

GRANGER

I say you are.

DEAN

Certainly you are.

GRANGER

(*To DEAN.*)

Keep quiet!

(*To JAYSON.*)

And I'll put another flea in your ear. I think you're an out and out hypocrite.

(*JOE sits on bootblack stand R.*)

JAYSON

What do you mean, Rex?

GRANGER

I mean I believe you're just using that crowd to advertise that rotten temperance drink of yours.

(*To DEAN.*)

What's he call it?

DEAN

Nearly Beer.

GRANGER

(*Sneeringly, as he drawls the word out.*)

Nearly Beer! That's a hell of a name for a temperance drink!

HOLLIDAY

Say, wait a minute, there's a lady here.

(*JAYSON turns R.*)

GRANGER

(As he comes down to L. of C. table.)

Oh, excuse me, Miss Holden—slip of the tongue.

(JED enters from L.)

(GRANGER sits L. of table, looks over at HOLLIDAY, then turns to DEAN, who has gone to above C. table.)

Who's that fellow?

(JAYSON comes to R. of table.)

DEAN

I don't know. He's been butting in on me too.

(Looks over at HOLLIDAY.)

Gee! he gets on my nerves!

(Goes upstage R. C.)

GRANGER

(Turns to JAYSON after a slight pause.)

You can tell these reformers for me that I'll drive them out of town if they go too far with me—I'm getting desperate!

(Smashes table with his fist.)

(JED runs up L. stairs and exits.)

JAYSON

Now wait a minute, Rex. I ain't at the head of any Prohibition Organization, or even actively connected with it. I'm too old a man for that sort of thing; but when you say you don't believe I'm actually in favor of the movement, you know you don't mean it. You've known me for forty years, and you know I've never tasted a drop of liquor in all that time.

DEAN

Oh, we don't want to hear the story of your life!

GRANGER

(To DEAN.)

Keep quiet!

(DEAN goes upstage C.)

JAYSON

(To GRANGER, as he sits R. of table.)

You know I've always been against it; voted against it, and never allowed any in my house or on my premises. You've made a fortune out of it and you're welcome to it. I'd rather be a poor man all my life than have anything to do with the stuff.

GRANGER

Do you mean that the money I've made I've ——
(JED enters on L. stairs and stands listening.)

JAYSON

Now wait a minute, please, and let me finish what I've got to say. You've always frightened me so in the last fifteen or twenty years that I've never had the courage to talk to you this way before. I realize that the new hotel you're opening will ruin my chances of staying here, and that's why I never said a word about your stealing all my help away and doing everything you possibly could to disorganize me and put me out of business. But when you accuse me of using my friends to make a few dollars out of a measly little temperance drink ——

(JED comes down to foot of stairs.)

— you hurt my feelings, because I've never been that kind of a man. I got up that drink and called it Nearly Beer because it was the nearest thing to beer that I kept. Now that you've gone so far as to insinuate that it's no good ——

(Rises.)

— I'll give you a little information that will probably surprise you.

(DEAN comes down to above table.)

I was offered twenty-five hundred dollars for the recipe of Nearly Beer less than two weeks ago by the Hueblein people, of Hartford, Conn.

(Turns R.)

DEAN

(Sneeringly.)

Yes, you were.

JAYSON

(Turns on DEAN.)

Yes, I was!

GRANGER

That hasn't got anything to do with it.

(Rises and goes to L. of JAYSON; DEAN goes R.)

(JED comes down to L. barber chair and sits.)

I came here to tell you that there ain't going to be any temperance cranks use Johnsburg Hall as a meeting place, and you'd better inform that gang of fanatics that if they come there to-night they're going to get into trouble, and you tell them I said so.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

DEAN

(Comes down to R. of JAYSON.)

Yes, and tell them I said so too.

(PETE enters from R. and sits upstage C.)

JAYSON

But it's too late to make other arrangements now.

GRANGER

What do you think I care about that?

DEAN

Yes, what do you think we care?

(Goes upstage C. then over L.)

HOLLIDAY

(Aside to EDITH.)

I'll have to do something to him I'm afraid.

JAYSON

Well, it places me in a peculiar position. I don't see how I can explain to them at this hour.

GRANGER

That's not my affair.

DEAN

No; we should worry about that, I suppose.

HOLLIDAY

(To GRANGER.)

Why don't you let them use the hall? They won't hurt it any, will they?

GRANGER

(After a slight pause, as he stands looking at HOLLIDAY.)

Who are you?

DEAN

(Comes downstage L., looking at HOLLIDAY.)

Yes, I'd like to find that out myself. Gee! but you get on my nerves.

HOLLIDAY

(To EDITH, as he rises.)

Pardon me just a moment.

(Crosses to L. of DEAN.)

My name is Holliday—Billy Holliday.

DEAN

What! Not the bartender from the Knickerbocker!

HOLLIDAY

Yes.

DEAN

(Turns to GRANGER.)

He's the hundred-dollar man that Regan sent us.

(Turns to HOLLIDAY.)

I didn't expect you till to-morrow. How long have you been in town?

HOLLIDAY

I've been here just about an hour; just long enough to find out that I don't want to work for you.

DEAN

What do you mean by that?

(SAM enters and stands on L. stairs.)

HOLLIDAY

Well, I'll tell you. You're the most annoying, contemptible, despicable man I ever came in contact with, and if it wasn't for the fact that I don't want to make your father ashamed of himself, I'd give you a slap in the face.

(DEAN stares at HOLLIDAY a moment, then turns and smiles at GRANGER, then turns back to HOLLIDAY.)

GRANGER

Are you going to stand there and take that, Dean?

DEAN

(To HOLLIDAY, after a pause.)

Say, what are you doing, kidding?

HOLLIDAY

No; I wouldn't kid with a rat like you.

GRANGER

(To DEAN, who stands looking at HOLLIDAY without replying.)
What are you standing there like a dummy for!

DEAN

Just let him keep on; he'll go too far in a minute.

HOLLIDAY

(To DEAN.)

Pardon me.

(Crosses above DEAN to R. of him; DEAN taking cross with him, moving slightly L.)

(To GRANGER.)

Mr. Granger, you should be proud of that son of yours. He's more like his father than any boy I ever saw.

DEAN

What do you mean by that?

HOLLIDAY

(To DEAN.)

Your father heard what I said.

(Turns to GRANGER.)

You get me, don't you, Mr. Granger?

(After a slight pause.)

Excuse me.

(To JAYSON, as he crosses above GRANGER to R. of him.)

Mr. Jayson, if I understood you rightly, you mentioned the fact a few moments ago that in the transaction whereby the hall in question was rented, your check for a certain amount of money was cheerfully accepted by—

(Turns toward GRANGER, snapping his fingers as if trying to recall his name.)

—Mr. Granger.

(To JAYSON.)

Is that right?

JAYSON

Yes; he took the check.

GRANGER

(Furiously.)

I'll send the check back in the morning.

HOLLIDAY

(*To GRANGER.*)

Ali, but he doesn't want the check. He wants what the check calls for.

(*Turns to JAYSON.*)

Isn't that the idea, Mr. Jayson?

(*To GRANGER, as JAYSON nods.*)

You see?

(*To JAYSON.*)

Now, by all that's fair in law and business, the hall is yours. Might I ask if it would be agreeable to you to turn the hall over to me for this evening?

JAYSON

Why, no; I hired the hall for Mrs. Temple.

HOLLIDAY

Well, turn it over to me, and I'll see that Mrs. Temple gets it; do you understand?

(*JAYSON looks puzzled, but makes no reply.*)

Good! Then it's all settled!

JAYSON

But I don't understand.

HOLLIDAY

Now it's all settled—that's all there is to it.

(*Turns to GRANGER; JAYSON turns slightly R.*)

Now, Mr. Granger, if you're still looking for trouble, I'll hand it out to you in large or small packages. The hall has been turned over to me, so if you want to know a way to spend a nice, pleasant evening, you start something.

GRANGER

(*Looks at DEAN, then turns to HOLLIDAY.*)

We've got a police force in this town.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, I won't need the police force; I'll stake you to him.

DEAN

(*Laughs, as GRANGER turns to him.*)

Make a good story for the *Chronicle*, Governor. "Bartender leads the Prohibition party to victory."

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

(*He and GRANGER laugh.*)

What are you going to do, tell them how many people your cock-tails have killed?

HOLLIDAY

I might.

(*Pause.*)

That's not a bad idea.

(*Crosses C. below GRANGER, who goes R. C.*)

Or perhaps a better subject would be, "How beer is brewed and what it's made of. Being a bartender, they would actually give me credit for knowing what I was talking about, don't you see?"

GRANGER

(*Sneeringly.*)

You don't think you're going to get away with this, do you?

HOLLIDAY

Well, I don't know. I came 300 miles to be disappointed, and, by golly, I'm not going to leave here without having a little fun.

GRANGER

Well, we'll give you all the fun you're looking for if you try any of your monkey business in this town.

(*Laughs contemptuously.*)

Come on, Dean.

(*To JAYSON, as he turns up R.*)

Remember what I told you, Jayson.

(*Goes up to R. door.*)

DEAN

(*Starts R., crossing below HOLLIDAY and laughing in his face.*)
You're a hot one!

GRANGER

(*Impatiently.*)

Come on!

DEAN

(*R. of HOLLIDAY, grinning at him.*)

Bartender, eh? Well, that's pretty good!

(*HOLLIDAY grabs DEAN'S nose and twists it.*)

Hey, there, what are you doing!

(*GRANGER comes down R., SAM crosses to barber chair R.*)

Let go my nose, do you hear!

(Breaks away from HOLLIDAY and stands holding his nose.)

Say, what are you trying to do, break my nose?

HOLLIDAY

Now I'm satisfied. I've been wanting to do that ever since I first laid eyes on you.

(Goes to L. of manicure table and sits.)

DEAN

(Stands glaring at HOLLIDAY.)

You're discharged!

GRANGER

(To DEAN, after a pause.)

Well, why don't you fight him? Haven't you got any fight in you?

DEAN

(Goes to above manicure table; HOLLIDAY rises.)

DEAN backs away to above C. table.)

Do you think I'd lower myself fighting with a bartender?

(HOLLIDAY smiles contemptuously and sits.)

I'll get one of the men in the brewery to take care of him, don't worry.

GRANGER

(As he goes up to R. door.)

Go on, you big coward, you're a disgrace to the name of Granger.

(Exits up R. stairs.)

DEAN

(After GRANGER exits.)

Don't you talk to me like that.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

I'll have you in jail inside of an hour.

HOLLIDAY

Now, listen; if you don't get out of here I'll twist your wrist and break your watch.

DEAN

I'll get you before you leave town, you mark my words!

(Goes up to R. door.)

You dirty loafer!

(Exits L.)

(JED, JOE, SAM and PETE burst out laughing as DEAN exits, then all shake hands with each other.)

PETE

I'm going to watch where he's going.

(Exits upstage R.)

SAM

Well, I guess it was coming to him.

JOE

I knew he'd get it sooner or later. Gosh, I hate him!

JED

I'll play you another game on that, Joe, to see who hates him most.

JOE

Come on.

(JED and JOE sit in former positions at table and start another game, SAM standing above table watching them.)

HOLLIDAY

(To EDITH.)

The boys all feel sorry for him.

EDITH

Do you suppose he will have you put in jail, Mr. Holliday?

HOLLIDAY

I don't know; but no matter what he does, it was worth it. I couldn't have kept my hands off his nose if my life had depended on it.

(To JAYSON, who has come to above table.)

I'm sorry I lost my temper, Mr. Jayson.

JAYSON

I don't know what to say to you, young man; I'm sort of flabbergasted. Do you think they'll let us use the hall?

HOLLIDAY

Oh, I imagine so. I think they were just bluffing; trying to frighten you.

JAYSON

Well, they succeeded, all right; I'm shaking all over.

HOLLIDAY

That's too bad.

EDITH

Sit down, Mr. Jayson.

JAYSON

I believe I will.

SAM

Here you are, Boss.

(Takes chair from above C. table and hands it to JAYSON.)

JAYSON

Thank you.

(Places chair above manicure table and sits.)

JOE

(Aside to JED and SAM, as he indicates HOLLIDAY.)

That's the new bartender at the Johnsburg.

JED

That's who he is.

SAM

You don't say so!

HOLLIDAY

(To JAYSON.)

What time is this meeting supposed to start to-night?

JAYSON

They were to form at the depot at seven o'clock and march to the hall in order to draw the crowd.

HOLLIDAY

Well, we may not get in the hall, but we'll form at the depot, anyway. We've started this thing; now, by golly, we've got to go through with it. If the Prohibitionists will promise to follow a bartender, I'll lead the way—I'll go through with it.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

EDITH

It's awfully kind of you to interest yourself in other people's troubles, Mr. Holliday.

JAYSON

I should say so.

HOLLIDAY

I've made up my mind to get even with that fellow, if I have to stay here a week to do it. What is it, local option here?

JAYSON

Yes; but Granger controls the votes on account of the brewery. That's why the town is wet. We still keep up the fight, though we live in hopes.

EDITH

Do you believe in Prohibition, Mr. Holliday?

HOLLIDAY

Well, hardly; that's a little out of my line.

EDITH

(Laughs.)

Oh, that's so, I forgot.

(Pats his hands.)

There you are, all finished.

HOLLIDAY

Thank you.

CHIEF

(Comes down R. stairs and sticks his head through window.)

Where's the fellcw that pulled Dean Granger's nose?

(Comes downstage R., followed by PETE, who stays up C. All rise at sound of his voice.)

HOLLIDAY

Here it comes; I'm pinched.

(Crosses to Chief over R.)

I guess I'm the man you're after.

CHIEF

Did you pull his nose?

HOLLIDAY

Yes; what of it?

CHIEF

(Extends his hand.)

Put it there!

(They shake hands. All laugh.)

The town ought to chip in and give you a loving cup.

(All laugh.)

Did you pull it good and hard?

HOLLIDAY

You bet I did.

(All laugh. HOLLIDAY turns R.)

JAYSON

(Comes downstage L.)

Did he want him arrested, Chief?

CHIEF

Oh, I ain't seen him. I met Pete outside and he told me about it. I laughed so hard when I heard it that I swallowed my tobacco.

(All laugh.)

I've wanted to do the same thing fifty times, but I never had the nerve.

(Turns R. to HOLLIDAY.)

Shake again, will you?

(All laugh.)

HOLLIDAY

Sure.

(Shakes hands with the CHIEF, then goes upstage C., gets his hat and cane and comes downstage L. of manicure table.)

CHIEF

I'm going down to the drugstore and tell Dave Whitely about it. He hates him worse than I do.

(To HOLLIDAY, over L.)

I'm much obliged, young fellow.

(Starts up R.)

HOLLIDAY

Don't mention it; it was a pleasure.

(All laugh.)

HOLDEN

(Enters from up R. as the CHIEF is about to exit.)

Hello, Chief.

CHIEF

(Raises his hat.)

Well, glad to see you. How's the minister to-day?

HOLDEN

Splendid! Never better.

(Comes down R. The CHIEF exits R.)

Good-day, gentlemen.

JOE, JED AND SAM

How do you do, Parson?

(JOE and JED sit in former positions and continue game.)

HOLDEN

Hello, Burr!

(PETE takes HOLDEN'S hat and hangs it upstage C.)

JAYSON

(As he goes C.)

Hello, T. B. How are you?

HOLDEN

I'll feel better after a shave.

(As he crosses to EDITH R. of manicure table.)

How's my little girl?

(SAM goes to above R. barber chair and prepares things for HOLDEN's shave.

EDITH

Fine, Daddy.

HOLLIDAY

(Turns to EDITH as he takes money from his pocket.)

How much do I owe---

(As he sees HOLDEN.)

Oh, I beg your pardon!

EDITH

This is my father, Mr. Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

(Shakes hands with HOLDEN.)

How do you do, sir.

(EDITH turns to manicure table and straightens things.)

HOLDEN

What's the name again?

HOLLIDAY

Holliday.

HOLDEN

Oh, yes; I have friends of the name of Holliday in Syracuse in the jewelry business. Any connection, I wonder?

HOLLIDAY

Jewelry?

(Smiles.)

Well, hardly. Cut glass is more in my line.

(JOE, JED and SAM snicker.)

HOLDEN

Cut glass? Well, that's a good business. Glad to have met you.

HOLLIDAY

Thank you.

(EDITH starts up L.)

HOLDEN

(As he starts R.)

Come on, Sam; I want a shave.

SAM

All right, sir.

(HOLDEN sits in R. chair. Usual barber business.)

HOLLIDAY

(Starts up L. as he sees EDITH about to exit.)

Here, wait a second, little girl; I haven't paid you yet.

EDITH

(Turns to him, smiling.)

Oh, yes, you have; you've more than paid me. You've been perfectly wonderful.

HOLLIDAY

Why, nothing of the kind.

(*Tries to force bill on her.*)

Now, here; I insist.

EDITH

I couldn't think of taking it, really. No, really.

(*Turns and exits L. stairs.*)

(HOLLIDAY stands with bill in his hand, watching her exit.

PETE

(Comes down to HOLLIDAY and starts brushing off his clothes.)

(As he gets in front of him he takes the bill from his hand.)

Thank you, sir.

HOLDEN

I dare say there'll be a big gathering at Johnsburg Hall to-night, eh, Burr?

JAYSON

Why, yes, if everything goes smoothly, there should be quite a crowd.

(*Turns L. to HOLLIDAY.*)

I don't know how to thank you, young man.

HOLLIDAY

Why, I haven't done anything to be thanked for yet, and I don't know whether I can or not; but I'm going to try to get you a square deal to-night if I lose an arm.

JAYSON

You don't think there'll be any trouble, do you?

HOLLIDAY

I don't think so. They'll probably run me out of town, but that won't matter; I've got to go back to New York, anyway.

(*Goes downstage L. and gets his hat and cane.*)

HOLDEN

Oh, Burr!

JAYSON

Yes?

HOLDEN

I wish you'd send a case of Nearly Beer over to my house; I'm just out of it.

JAYSON

I'll attend to it as soon as I get upstairs.

HOLLIDAY

(*Up to JAYSON.*)

Say, what is this Nearly Beer of yours, Mr. Jayson?

JAYSON

I think it's a pretty good drink. Would you like to try a bottle?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I would.

JAYSON

All right, come on and I'll treat you.

(*Takes HOLLIDAY'S arm and starts for L. stairs.*)

HOLLIDAY

Thanks.

(*Starts for stairs with JAYSON, then turns to men.*)

Well, good-day, gentlemen.

MEN

Good-day.

(*HOLLIDAY and JAYSON exit L. stairs.*)

PETE

(*Gets broom, sweeps the floor and starts whistling "Tipperary."*)

JOE

Say, stop whistling that tune, will you, Pete?

JED

Yes, for heaven's sake, be neutral.

PETE

Oh, all right.

(*Stops whistling and goes upstage C.*)

SAM

How are you coming out, Joe?

JOE

By gad! he's got four kings to my two again

HIT-THE-TRAIL, HOLLIDAY

SAM

(Laughs, then to HOLDEN.)

That fellow that just went out pulled Dean Granger's nose.

HOLDEN

(Sits up in chair.)

He what!

SAM

He pulled Dean Granger's nose.

(SAM and HOLDEN laugh heartily.)

(JOE and JED continue game in silence.)

(PETE sweeps the floor.)

(SAM continues shaving the Minister.)

(A hand organ off stage plays "Tipperary.")

(JED and JOE look up disgusted, then resume game as

CURTAIN FALLS.

“Hit-the-Trail Holliday”

ACT II.

SCENE: The living room in the home of the REV. T. B. HOLDEN; an old-fashioned room, with furniture a bit the worse for wear, but everything scrupulously neat.

At rise of curtain, HOLDEN is seated R. of table R., reading a paper and smoking a pipe.

The door bell offstage left rings.

ANNA, the colored maid, enters from R., crosses and exits left. In a few seconds she re-enters.

ANNA

(Enters from L., comes slightly down toward HOLDEN.)

Mrs. Temple wants to know can she see you for a few minutes?

HOLDEN

Mrs. Temple? Why, certainly.

(Lays aside his pipe and paper.)

ANNA

(Goes to door L. and calls.)

Come right in, Ma'am.

MRS. TEMPLE

(Enters from L. and goes down to above R. table.)

How do you do, Parson?

(ANNA crosses and exits right.)

HOLDEN

(Rises.)

Hello, Mrs. Temple. Glad to see you.

MRS. TEMPLE

I probably shouldn't annoy you this way, but I simply couldn't resist the temptation of coming over and asking you what you think of all the excitement. My gracious, but the people are all stirred up! All they're talking about from one end of the town to the other is Billy Holliday.

(Sits above table.)

HOLDEN

(As he sits R. of table.)

I was just reading an account of it in the *Chronicle*.

MRS. TEMPLE

That doesn't give you the faintest idea of how wonderful he was.
Did Edith tell you how he managed the crowd?

HOLDEN

Yes, she kept me up till after ten o'clock last night talking about the affair. He's a very remarkable young man to have done what he did.

MRS. TEMPLE

And just imagine—his first appearance as a public speaker. Why, the man was uncanny. Granger had a hundred or more hoodlums there for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. Not one of the speakers uttered a syllable that could be heard above the hissing and hooting. We said and did everything we could possibly think of to quiet them, but it seemed hopeless until Holliday jumped up on the platform with the American flag.

HOLDEN

That was rather a happy thought.

MRS. TEMPLE

He kept waving the flag until the entire audience began to cheer—hoodlums and all—and then he requested them all to stand up and sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

HOLDEN

Yes, Edith was telling me that they tried to sing it.

MRS. TEMPLE

They tried, but, my dear, they didn't know it—

(Laughs.)

Not one of them. They started to hum the tune and mumble, but he stopped them and demanded the words. He offered a prize of five dollars in gold to any man in the hall who would come forward and sing the national anthem.

HOLDEN

And no one responded?

MRS. TEMPLE,

No, not one. And that's when he said: "You're a fine bunch of Americans."

(Both laugh.)

HOLDEN

And so he went over to the piano and taught them the song, eh?

MRS. TEMPLE

Yes; made them repeat line after line until they knew every word of it. They must have applauded him two minutes after that. I never heard such a demonstration in all my life. And then he started to talk.

(Rises.)

I tell you, he had that audience absolutely spellbound for over half an hour. He had them shrieking with laughter one minute and sitting on edge the next. Have you read his speech?

HOLDEN

I was just finishing it when you came. He has rather an unusual way of putting things. I must admit that some of his remarks are quite beyond my comprehension.

MRS. TEMPLE

(Takes stage C.)

Oh, I do wish you could have heard him. It wasn't particularly what he said—the man's personality stood out like a house afire.

(Imitates HOLLIDAY'S delivery.)

"Why allow yourselves to be ruled by a man who has not seen the inside of a church in over twenty years?"

(Both laugh.)

HOLDEN

Referring to Granger, I suppose?

MRS. TEMPLE

Of course he was.

(Starts for R. table.)

He didn't mention any names—he called him the Czar.

(Both laugh, as she sits L. of table.)

HOLDEN

(As he picks up paper from table.)

This is not a bad line of his here.

(Reads.)

"There is a pathway of happiness—it leads to church. Hit the trail, young man; hit the trail!"

MRS. TEMPLE

Oh, but the one about the baseball game caught the crowd.

HOLDEN

Perhaps this is what you mean.

(Reads.)

"The score stands 2 to 1 in favor of the saloon keeper, but the game is young. Stand up to the plate, young man, and make 'em be good. Never swing at the first one. Look out for the high balls. Let them go by and you'll get on, and once you're on, you've got them in the hole. Get to second, slide to third, and you'll come home with the run that ties the score and gives us a chance to beat the Boozers."

(Looks up, perplexed.)

I don't quite follow him, do you?

MRS. TEMPLE

Why, yes; he's speaking in baseball vernacular.

HOLDEN

Oh, I see!

MRS. TEMPLE

Tell me, Parson. What do you think of it all?

HOLDEN

Well, I really don't know. The *Chronicle* telephoned me a while ago asking for my views on the matter, but, as I told them, I can't very well endorse the man, and knowing no reason why I should condemn him, I'd rather not be quoted at all. However, I will say that I sincerely trust Mr. Holliday's advice to the young men of this town, "to desert the saloon and go to church," will have its effect.

MRS. TEMPLE

You know, I really believe it will. I tell you, he fairly hypnotized the people.

(Telephone on table rings.)

HOLDEN

Pardon me just a moment.

(Picks up Phone.)

MRS. TEMPLE

(*As she rises.*)

Oh, don't bother about me; I must go, really.

(*Starts up L.*)

HOLDEN

(*In Phone.*)

Hello!....Yes.....Oh, hello, Rex!

MRS. TEMPLE

(*Turns at mention of Granger's name.*)

Who is it, Granger?

(*Comes slightly downstage C., as HOLDEN nods affirmatively.*)

HOLDEN

(*In Phone.*)

What's that, Rex?.....Why, surely, I'll be here All right, come over.....Very well, I'll be looking for you.

(*Hangs up, rises, and goes up C. to MRS. TEMPLE.*)

He's coming over here to see me. Something of importance, he says.

MRS. TEMPLE

(*Laughs as she extends her hand.*)

Well, I'll hurry along before he gets here. I can imagine his frame of mind to-day after all that happened last night.

HOLDEN

Edith will be home shortly. Won't you stay and lunch with us?

MRS. TEMPLE

No, I must go; thanks awfully, just the same.

(*Four cheers off-stage left.*)

(*MRS. TEMPLE goes to window L. and looks out.*)

(*ANNA enters from R. at sound of cheers.*)

HOLDEN

What in the world is that?

(*Door bell rings L.*)

(*He motions to ANNA to answer it. She exits L.*)

MRS. TEMPLE

(*Looking out of window.*)

Why, there's a crowd outside your house.

(*Two cheers off L.*)

HOLDEN

(*Goes to window above MRS. TEMPLE and looks out.*)

A crowd!

MRS. TEMPLE

Yes. Look, there's Mr. Jayson on the steps—and Mr. Holliday!

Yes, that's who it is, Billy Holliday. See, he's bowing to them.

(*One cheer offstage.*)

HOLDEN

What in the world are they doing out there?

MRS. TEMPLE

They're coming in.

(*HOLDEN crosses to R. C.*)

Just look at that crowd, will you!

(*Offstage: HOLLIDAY! (4); Speech! (2); Cheer! (1).*)

ANNA

(*Ushers JAYSON and HOLLIDAY in, then exits L.*)

(*MRS. TEMPLE turns from window, but stays up L.*)

JAYSON

(*Comes down to HOLDEN and shakes hands.*)

We just had to come in here to get away from the crowd, T. B.

HOLDEN

That's all right, Burr; you're perfectly welcome.

(*Turns to HOLLIDAY with extended hand.*)

Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Holliday.

(*After shaking hands with HOLDEN, JAYSON crosses to R. bookcase, places his hat on it, then comes to R. of HOLDEN.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*As he shakes hands with HOLDEN.*)

Thanks, but I deserve to be pitied. I haven't been able to move without that mob at my heels all day,

MRS. TEMPLE

(Comes down to L. of HOLLIDAY.)

Well, you're quite a popular young man.

HOLLIDAY

(Turns to her.)

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Temple. Yes; I don't know yet what it's all about.

(Offstage: HOLLIDAY! (2) Speech! (2)

ANNA

(Enters from L., and comes slightly down C.)

The crowd say they won't go away till Mr. Holyday says something.

(Exits L.)

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs.)

Can you beat that?

HOLDEN

Perhaps they will disperse if you say a few words.

JAYSON

Yes; they won't be satisfied unless you do.

HOLLIDAY

No, thanks; I said all I could say last night. I don't know how I ever thought of that, to tell you the truth.

(Cheering Offstage.)

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she opens L. window.)

Just come to the window and show yourself. Thank them, that's all that's necessary.

(JAYSON and HOLDEN are urging HOLLIDAY toward the window, all talking ad. lib.)

HOLLIDAY

(After repeated urgings from JAYSON and HOLDEN, he finally braces himself and goes to the window. As he jumps up on window seat

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

and raises his hand, the crowd offstage applauds. HOLLIDAY turns and grins at people on stage. The crowd applauds until he starts talking.)

My dear freinds, I thank you. What more can I say than that which I have already said.

(One cheer. HOLLIDAY turns and grins at people on stage.)

Ever since man discovered the process of turning sugar into alcohol, we have all been turning our sugar into alcohol.

(Laugh, cheer and applause.)

HOLLIDAY

(Turns to people on stage.)

How was that?

ALL

Fine! Splendid! Go on, etc.

HOLLIDAY

The water wagon rolls over the Avenue of Prosperity and carries its passengers by the prisons and madhouses safely to the doors of the church. It's a free ride, boys, so hop on and let's all make the trip together. I thank you.

(Offstage: Three cheers for Billy Holliday! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Holliday closes the window, picks up his hat from couch, where he has thrown it on going to window, and goes C.)

MRS. TEMPLE

Splendid!

HOLDEN

Very good indeed!

JAYSON

(To HOLDEN.)

You should have heard him last night.

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs.)

You know, if you keep on telling me that I'll begin to believe it.

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she comes down to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

You're far too modest, Mr. Holliday.

HOLDEN

Won't you be seated?

(Crosses downstage to R. of R. table.)

JAYSON

(As he starts R.)

I've got to sit down and rest for a minute. Gosh, they did jostle us, didn't they?

(Sits above R. table.)

HOLLIDAY

(Starts R.)

If they'd kept on accumulating for a few more blocks we'd have had the whole town with us, that's all.

MRS. TEMPLE

I do believe you're a bigger attraction here than Barnum's circus would be.

HOLLIDAY

Yes, if a circus had a freak like me they could make a lot of money.

HOLDEN

How on earth do you ever think of so many remarkable things to say, young man?

(Sits R. of table. MRS. TEMPLE sits on L. couch.)

HOLLIDAY

(Over to L. of table.)

Are you stringing?

HOLDEN

Stringing?

HOLLIDAY

I mean, are you serious?

(Sits L. of table.)

HOLDEN

Indeed I am; I'm very much interested. It's all very strange to me.

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs.)

Well, believe me, it isn't half as strange to you as it is to me. I never made a speech in my life before until last night. I didn't realize what I was doing until I got started, and even then I didn't know what I was saying. I lost my temper, and was up on that platform before I knew where I was at. They wouldn't listen to the others, so I didn't suppose they'd listen to me, but when they quieted down and gave me their attention, there was nothing left for me to do but talk—and so I talked. I thought I was gone fifty times, but I kept right on talking. Every time I'd stick I'd think of that fellow Granger, and I'd get so mad that the words just naturally came to me, that's all.

HOLDEN

I never heard of such a thing!

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she rises and goes to C.)

It certainly was a wonderful night!

JAYSON

They want him to speak over in Weymouth. The Y. M. C. A. people called me up from there this morning—

(MRS. TEMPLE goes to L. of JAYSON.

—and asked me to make arrangements for him to speak under their auspices tomorrow evening, but Mr. Holliday says he won't do it.

MRS. TEMPLE

Why not?

HOLLIDAY

Don't make me laugh.

HOLDEN

The Y. M. C. A! Well, you must have made an imprssion. That's quite an honor.

JAYSON

That's what I was telling him.

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she comes down to L. of HOLLIDAY.)

Oh, you should go, by all means, Mr. Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

Go? What for? Why, I couldn't get away with a thing like that again in a thousand years.

(MRS. TEMPLE turns *L.*.)

HOLDEN

You mean you haven't confidence in yourself?

HOLLIDAY

That's exactly what I mean. I went through with the thing last night simply because they tried to give Mr. Jayson the worst of it and refused to give him the hall, but so far as the speech-making was concerned, the whole thing was a joke with me. I got even with the Granger people, that's all I care about.

MRS. TEMPLE

(Over to *L.* of HOLLIDAY.)

Don't be silly! If you could win over a hostile crowd as you did last night, what could you do with a friendly audience?

JAYSON

That's what I was telling him.

HOLDEN

Of course, most lecturers and preachers carry a certain air of dignity which possibly you lack, but nevertheless, your speech as I read it just now, contains many flashes of brilliancy. And what makes it doubly interesting is the very original way you have of saying things.

(HOLLIDAY looks enquiringly at MRS. TEMPLE. She nods.)

(He repeats same business with JAYSON, then turns to HOLDEN.)

Of course, you intend to continue in this field?

HOLLIDAY

Hey?

HOLDEN

I say, you intend continuing in this field?

HOLLIDAY

What field?

HOLDEN

As a speaker, I mean,

HOLLIDAY

No, Mr. Holden, I'm taking the three o'clock train back this afternoon to the field where I belong. Bartending is my trade.

(*As MRS. TEMPLE turns L. with an impatient exclamation.*)

Oh, it may not be the best way in the world to make a living, but it's the only business I know anything about, and as Canfield, the gambler, once said when he beat himself playing solitaire, "Every man to his own game."

HOLDEN

I don't quite follow you.

HOLLIDAY

Well, it would take too long to explain that one—

(*Rises.*)

—so we'll let it go by default.

(*Goes to MRS. TEMPLE at L. window.*)

Is it safe to go out now? Has the crowd left?

MRS. TEMPLE

Oh, yes, they've gone about their business long ago.

(*She and HOLLIDAY look out of window.*)

HOLDEN

(*To JAYSON.*)

Strange man!

JAYSON

Nice fellow, though.

HOLLIDAY

(*Starts R.*)

Well, we'd better get back to the hotel, Mr. Jayson.

JAYSON

(*Rises.*)

Yes, I guess we better had.

(*HOLDEN rises.*)

EDITH

(*Enters from L., carrying several newspapers.*)

Hello, everybody!

ALL

Hello, Edith, etc.

EDITH

(As she comes to L. of HOLLIDAY, who is C.)

I knew you were here, Mr. Holliday; I met the crowd on their way back down town. I heard all about your speech at the window. The New York papers just got in; I brought them home for Daddy to see. Your picture's on the front page of every one of them.

(Hands HOLLIDAY a paper.)

Big headlines, see?

(Crosses and gives HOLDEN and JAYSON a paper.)

A full account of the whole thing, and every word of your speech in every one of them. You've caused a sensation.

(Crosses to MRS. TEMPLE and hands her a paper.)

Just look at this, Mrs. Temple—New York paper! I tell you, Johnsburg is some pumpkins to-day!

(ALL stand in silence reading papers.)

HOLLIDAY

(After a pause.)

My God!

ALL

(Look up at HOLLIDAY, horrified.)

What!

HOLLIDAY

(Looks around at their exclamation.)

Oh, I beg your pardon.

(Crosses to L. of table and sits reading in silence.)

(After he is seated, HOLDEN sits R. of table and reads.)

(After HOLDEN is seated, JAYSON sits above table, reading.)

(After JAYSON is seated, EDITH sits upstage C. and reads.)

(After EDITH is seated, MRS. TEMPLE sits on couch L.)

(ALL sit reading in silence.)

JAYSON

(After all are seated.)

“Booze expert turns temperance preacher.”

MRS. TEMPLE

(Reads.)

“Billy Holliday hits the trail and asks the young men of America to follow along.”

HOLDEN

(Reads, after a slight pause.)

“ Down with the distilleries! Blow up the breweries! says Billy Holliday.”

EDITH

(Reads.)

“ Go to church, young man, cries the Broadway bartender.”

HOLLIDAY

(After a slight pause.)

Well, I'll be damned!

ALL

What!

HOLLIDAY

(Looks around apologetically.)

Oh, excuse me; I'm awfully sorry.

(ALL continue reading in silence.)

ANNA

(Enters from R., comes down and taps HOLDEN on the shoulder.)

How many's gwine to be to lunch, Parson?

HOLDEN

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Oh, won't you stop and have luncheon with us, Mr. Holliday?

HOLLIDAY

(Looks up absent-mindedly.)

Eh? Oh, I'll have the same as Mr. Jayson.

(Continues reading.)

EDITH

Oh, do stay, Mr. Jayson.

JAYSON

All right, Edith.

(Continues reading.)

HOLDEN

Mrs. Temple?

MRS. TEMPLE

Why, yes, if the others are going to stay, I might as well.
Thanks.

(Continues reading.)

HOLDEN

(Aside to ANNA.)

Five; is there enough?

ANNA

(Aside.)

I don't think so; only a little cold ham in the ice box.

HOLDEN

(Aside.)

Do the best you can, Anna.

ANNA

(Aside.)

Well, I'll treat it stingily and I guess I can make it go round.

(Starts up R.)

(Door bell rings off L.)

HOLDEN

See who that is, Anna.

ANNA

Vaas, sir.

(Exits L., leaving door open.)

MRS. TEMPLE

(Reads.)

"It is rumored that the Allied Temperance Societies of Greater New York will endorse his lecture."

(All, turn and look at her as she reads.)

(HOLLIDAY gives an embarrassed cough.)

EDITH

(Reads.)

"He positively electrified his audience."

(All, look at her as she reads.)

JAYSON

That's what I was telling him.

HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY

HOLDEN

I certainly must hear you the next time you speak, Mr. Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs.)

I'm going to roll out of bed in a minute and light right on my head.

GRANGER

(Offstage L.)

That's all right. Never mind that; he expects me.

(All on stage rise.)

(GRANGER enters from L., comes down C. and looks at people.)

Oh, excuse me!

ANNA follows him on, crosses stage and exits R.)

HOLDEN

How do you do, Rex?

GRANGER

Why didn't you tell me over the phone that these people were here?

HOLDEN

Well, they weren't here at the time.

HOLLIDAY

(Crossing to R. of GRANGER.)

Hello, Mr. Granger. How's your little boy's nose to-day?

(Laughs. MRS. TEMPLE goes upstage C. to R. of EDITH, who drops downstage L. a bit. Both women giggle.)

GRANGER

(Angrily.)

I didn't come here to talk to you.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, but I'm worth talking to. Look, my picture's in the paper.

(Hold paper in front of GRANGER and points out his picture.)

GRANGER

(Shakes his finger in HOLLIDAY'S face.)

The best thing you can do is to get out of this town.

HOLLIDAY

That's one of the best things anyone can do, the way the town is being run.

GRANGER

You publicly insulted me last night—everyone knows it—I can prove it.

HOLLIDAY

If everyone knows it, what's the use of proving it?

GRANGER

You better be careful who you talk to.

HOLLIDAY

If I was careful who I talked to, I wouldn't talk to you at all.

HOLDEN

Gentlemen, please, please!

(HOLLIDAY turns up C.; EDITH crosses to him.)

(MRS. TEMPLE goes over R. C. upstage.)

GRANGER

I want to see you alone, T. B.

HOLDEN

Show the folks into the dining room, Edith.

EDITH

(Turns R.)

Come along, Mrs. Temple. Come, Mr. Jayson.

(Turns to HOLLIDAY.)

This way, Mr. Holliday.

(JAYSON and MRS. TEMPLE exit R.)

HOLLIDAY

(To EDITH, as he starts downstage.)

Pardon me!

(Comes down to above GRANGER.)

What you want to do is to get a slouch hat and a whip, and change your name to Simon Legree.

(Laughs, as he starts up R.)

GRANGER

(*Furiously.*)

Go on, you upstart!

HOLLIDAY

(*Turns to GRANGER.*)

I may be an upstart, but I'm a self-starter, and that's more than that funny son of yours can say.

EDITH

Come, Mr. Holliday.

(*Takes his arm; both exit R.*)

GRANGER

(*Crosses to L. of R. table as EDITH and HOLLIDAY exit.*)

What's that man doing in your house? What have you done—lost your senses?

HOLDEN

(*As he sits R. of table.*)

What is it you wish to see me about, Rex?

GRANGER

(*Sits L. of table.*)

About this fellow. You know what he did here last night, don't you?

HOLDEN

Made a speech, I understand.

GRANGER

Yes, and started a near riot. Johnsburg won't be safe to live in forty-eight hours from now unless we all get together and run him out of town. He worked the people up to such a pitch last night that the Mayor shot out an order to close all the saloons at ten o'clock for fear of violence; that's how serious it is. And now to-day, with all that truck in the New York and Boston papers, why they're ready to burn down the brewery or dynamite the new hotel, or do some fool thing that will bring disgrace on the citizens and probably cause bloodshed.

HOLDEN

Oh, I hardly think it is as bad as that, Rex.

GRANGER

You don't, eh?

(Rises, goes C., then turns to HOLDEN.)

Well, go on down town and listen to the talk. Groups of men all over the place arguing back and forth.

(Goes slightly above table.)

Why, a lot of dirty-faced kids were throwing potatoes at my office windows this morning. I had to have a dozen of them arrested. It's in the air, I tell you. They're looking for trouble, and this man Holliday is to blame for it all.

(Goes up R.)

HOLDEN

(As he rises.)

Well, what can I do?

GRANGER

(Comes down to above table.)

I'll tell you what you can do. You can advise the Y. M. C. A. people in Weymouth not to bring him over there. I got a tip that he's to speak there tomorrow night.

HOLDEN

Then why not let him go to Weymouth if you want him out of town?

GRANGER

Because I've got money invested there. I own a half interest in the East Weymouth Brewery. Do you think I want that town in the same condition he's put this? You might ask a favor yourself some day.

HOLDEN

I never ask favors. I do the best I can on my own. I've had quite a struggle in the past few years holding the church together. I've even had to call upon my little girl to assist in the support of our home. That's why she went to work. But through all my worries I've never asked favors.

(GRANGER goes L., HOLDEN following.)

The only favor I could possibly ask of you, Rex, is to set an example to the young men of the town by coming to prayer meeting once in a while.

GRANGER

I'm a business man. What right have you to criticise me for not going to church?

HOLDEN

No more right than you have to criticise me for entertaining Mr. Holliday.

GRANGER

Do you mean to say you're in favor of this cheap bartender shooting off his mouth and getting everybody into trouble?

HOLDEN

I can't afford to enter into this thing one way or the other, Rex.

(Turns upstage at beginning of above speech, then comes downstage to R. of R. table.)

GRANGER

Oh, you can't, eh?

(Goes to L. of HOLDEN down R.)

Can't afford to protect the town against a man that's doing it a lot of harm, eh? But you can afford to bring him into your home and entertain him—is that the way you feel about it? What kind of a citizen do you call yourself?

HOLDEN

You'll find me a pretty tough citizen if you force me to take off my coat.

GRANGER

What do you mean?

HOLDEN

I'm in splendid condition; I go to gymnasium every day. You've said quite enough—now get out.

GRANGER

Wait a minute—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

(The two men stand glaring at each other.)

(Door bell left rings.)

ANNA

(Enters from R.)

The folks is all at lunch, Parson.

(Exits L.)

HOLDEN

Very well, Anna, I'll be right there.

(Phone rings. GRANGER goes upstage L.)

(HOLDEN picks up phone.)

Hello!.....Mr. Granger?

(GRANGER stops at mention of his name.)

Yes, he's here....Very well, just a minute.

(To GRANGER, as he places phone on L. side of table.)

Some one for you.

(Paces up and down R.)

GRANGER

(Sits L. of table and picks up phone.)

Hello!....Yes, this is me; what do you want?Hello, Thompson....Why, what's the matter?

DEAN

(Enters hurriedly from L. and comes downstage C.)

(ANNA follows him on, crosses, and exits R.)

HOLDEN

Hello, Dean.

DEAN

(Raises his hat to HOLDEN.)

Say, Dad----

GRANGER

Keep quiet!

(In phone.)

What's that?....Who said so?....When did this happen?....Great Scott!....Listen, you get over to the Mayor's office right away, do you understand?. Tell him I'll be down there in ten minutes. Tell him to wait there till I come, understand?

(Puts phone on table, rises, and turns to HOLDEN.)

Well, more trouble—the bartenders have gone on a strike.

(Goes upstage C.)

DEAN

(Follows GRANGER up C.)

That's what I came here to tell you. They walked out twenty minutes ago.

(Both come downstage C.)

The West Johnsbury men have joined them, and I understand they've struck in Weymouth, too.

GRANGER

What do they demand?

DEAN

More pay. They heard about Holliday getting a hundred dollars a week, and they held an indignation meeting in front of the Court House this morning.

GRANGER

(Turns *R.* to GRANGER.)

See? He's the cause of this, too.

DEAN

They wrecked Mulligan's place,

GRANGER

They did?

DEAN

Yes—three arrests made. You could hear them hollering a block away.

(Imitates the yelling of the men.)

Holliday! Holliday! Holliday! That's the way they were hollering.

HOLLIDAY

(Enters from *R.*, followed by EDITH, JAYSON and MRS. TEMPLE.)

(As he comes down *L. C.*)

Did somebody call me?

(As DEAN turns to him.)

Hello, Chesty, how's your little wrist watch?

(Laughs.)

Gee, I bet I get on your nerves, don't I?

GRANGER

(To DEAN, after a slight pause.)

Well, go on! Why don't you do what you said you were going to do? You promised me that the first time you laid eyes on him you'd thrash him within an inch of his life. Now, if you've got any pride, go ahead and fight him.

DEAN

(Stands looking at HOLLIDAY, then turns to GRANGER.)

Remember, Governor, we're in a minister's house.

HOLLIDAY

Come on—

(Starts up L.)

—let's go outside.

(Turns to DEAN as he gets near door.)

Come ahead.

GRANGER

(To DEAN.)

Well, are you going?

DEAN

Oh, I wouldn't dirty my hands on him..

GRANGER

Go on, you cry baby; I'm ashamed of you!

(Slaps DEAN'S face with a folded newspaper he carries.)

(HOLLIDAY comes downstage and sits on L. couch, laughing.)

DEAN

(To GRANGER.)

Say, don't you do that to me again!

GRANGER

I'll do worse than that to you when I get you alone.

(Crosses to HOLLIDAY, who is sitting on L. couch, laughing.)

I'll give you just one hour to get out of this town.

HOLDEN

(To GRANGER.)

And I'll give you just one minute to get out of this house.

GRANGER

(Turns to HOLDEN and shakes his finger at him.)

You're making the mistake of your life, Mr. Minister.

HOLDEN

One more remark and you'll make the mistake of yours.

GRANGER

(Goes to door L., then turns to DEAN.)

Come on, Jess Willard!

(Exits L.)

(All laugh.)

DEAN

(Goes upstage R., glares at MRS. TEMPLE, EDITH and JAYSON, then comes down to above HOLLIDAY on couch.)

If some one hits you on the head with a lead pipe you'll know who did it.

HOLLIDAY

I'll know it wasn't you; that's a cinch.

DEAN

Remember, you've got just one hour.

HOLDEN

(Starts for DEAN.)

And your time is just about up!

DEAN

Oh, I'm going.

(Exits hurriedly L.)

(All laugh.)

MRS. TEMPLE

Well, perhaps we can finish luncheon now.

HOLDEN

Of all the impertinent, impossible men! I don't understand how I controlled myself.

EDITH

(Comes down to R. of HOLDEN.)

Don't let it make you nervous, Daddy.

HOLLIDAY

(Comes to L. of HOLDEN.)

I'm sorry, Mr. Holden.

JAYSON

(Has come down to R. of EDITH at DEAN's exit.)

What'd he want, T. B.?

(MRS. TEMPLE comes down to R. of JAYSON.)

HOLDEN

Insisted that I advise the Y. M. C. A. people in Weymouth against Mr. Holliday's lectures. It seems he holds an interest in the East Weymouth Brewery, and—

HOLLIDAY

Oh, he does, eh?

(Turns to JAYSON.)

Say, you call up Weymouth and tell those people that thing's on for tomorrow night.

JAYSON

Do you mean it?

HOLLIDAY

You bet I do.

(JAYSON goes to L. of R. table.)

I'll have a piece to speak if I have to sit up all night writing it.

(Goes upstage L., out into hall, then downstage L.)

MRS. TEMPLE

That's the way to talk!

EDITH

We'll go over and hear him, won't we, Daddy?

HOLDEN

Yes, indeed. I'm very anxious to hear Mr. Holliday now.

HOLLIDAY

(Picks up paper lying on L. couch.)

You know, since I've been reading these papers, I'm beginning to believe this thing myself.

(To JAYSON, as he sits on couch.)

Go on, call them up; I'll go through with it.

JAYSON

(Sits L. of R. table and picks up phone.)

Hello!Hello! Give me toll What? What?.... Some one trying to get this number?....Hello!....Oh, hello, Beasley....Yes, he's here....Why, yes, do that; I'll put him on.

(Turns to HOLLIDAY.)

A long-distance call for you at the hotel. They're switching it over to this wire.

HOLLIDAY

For me?

(Rises and starts R.)

(EDITH goes R. and sits above table.)

JAYSON

(*Rises.*)

Yes; here you are.

(*Hands phone to HOLLIDAY and goes to R. of table.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*As he goes to L. of cable, sits and takes phone.*)

What's this all about?

(*In phone.*)

Hello!.... Yes, this is Mr. Holliday.... Yes.... Philadelphia?....

All right, put them on.

(*To people on stage.*)

I wonder what's going on in Philadelphia?

(*In phone.*)

Hello!.... Yes ... Who is this?.... I see!.... Yes, this is Holliday speaking.... How long?

(*Laughs.*)

Well, I don't know; they've given me just an hour to get out of town.... Who?.... Oh, I see!

(*Turns and winks knowingly at people on stage.*)

Yes, I understand.... Well, I don't know; I'll have to think that over.... Tomorrow?.... Yes, I'll be here if I'm alive.... All right.... Sure, I'll talk to you.... All right, wire me.... American House.... Yes.... Good-bye.

(*Puts phone on table, rises, laughing.*)

Well, can you beat that!

(*Goes to C.*)

MRS. TEMPLE drops down R. of him; EDITH R. of MRS. TEMPLE. JAYSON comes to R. of EDITH; HOLDEN is L. of HOLLIDAY.)

A committee of churchmen are coming here tomorrow to talk business with me for a series of lectures in Philadelphia.

HOLDEN

Really!

HOLLIDAY

Unless somebody's stringing me over the phone.

MRS. TEMPLE

Oh, I can't imagine anyone doing such a thing!

EDITH

Why, of course not!

HOLDEN

A committee of churchmen? How remarkable!

HOLLIDAY

(*Stands thinking a moment, then goes slowly to couch L. and sits, JAYSON following to R. of him.*)

You know, some people have to use a needle to get an effect like this. ✓

(*People on stage look bewildered.*)

JAYSON

I'll call up Weymouth right away.

(*Starts R. for phone, crossing above EDITH.*)

EDITH

(*Goes above JAYSON as he starts to sit at table.*)

Oh, wait till we've finished lunch, please.

(*One cheer offstage L.*)

Come, Mr. Holliday.

(*ALL start for dining-room R.*)

(*HOLLIDAY goes to L. window at sound of cheer.*)

ANNA

(*Enters hurriedly from L. at cheer.*)

There's another big crowd gatherin' outside, Parson.

HOLLIDAY

What's the matter now?

(*Looks out of L. window. EDITH, MRS. TEMPLE and JAYSON go to L. window and look out.*)

ANNA

(*To HOLDEN, who goes up C. to her.*)

The men with the moving picture asparastus is over yonder waitin' for that there Mr. Holyday to come out and have his picture took.

HOLDEN

Moving picture men!

ANNA

Yaas, sir.

(*Exits L.*)

(*HOLDEN goes to L. window with others.*)

HOLLIDAY

That's right, see them across the street? They've got two machines there. See the operators pushing the crowd back? Look, they're taking a picture of the entire street. See the camera man on the back of the automobile.

(One cheer off L.)

See that? They're throwing money to the crowd to get them to cheer.

(One cheer off L.)

JED

(Enters from L. and comes downstage L. C.)

Is Mr. Holliday here?

(All turn to him.)

JAYSON

(Comes down to L. of JED.)

Hello, Jed, where'd you come from?

JED

From the hotel. Beasley asked me to bring some telegrams up here for Mr. Holliday.

(JAYSON crosses above JED to R. of table.)

HOLLIDAY

Telegrams?

(Goes to L. of JED.)

(HOLDEN and MRS. TEMPLE stay L. of couch.)

JED

Yes, here you are.

(Hands HOLLIDAY several telegrams.)

EDITH

Let me open them for you.

(Takes wires, goes to R. of table, sits and opens them.)

JED

There's a lot of newspaper reporters waiting down there to see you, too. They all got in on the 12:40 from New York.

HOLLIDAY

(As he goes to L. of table, crossing above JED.)

Newspaper reporters!

(Sits L. of table and reads telegrams as EDITH hands them to him, opened.)

JED

(*Takes bill from his pocket and holds it up.*)
Look! Ten dollars!

JAYSON

Where'd you get it?

JED

Those moving picture fellows outside asked me who I was, and I told them I was Jed Cusick, champion checker player of Johnsburg, and they gave me this for posing in front of the machine.

(*One cheer offstage L.*)

(*JED turns slightly upstage C.*)

HOLDEN

(*Has turned toward window at sound of cheer.*)
Great Scott, what a crowd!

JAYSON

(*Goes to above table.*)

No bad news, I hope?

HOLLIDAY

(*Reads. ALL turn and look at him.*)

“ Will you consider percentage contract guaranteeing you twenty-five thousand a year to handle Budweiser beer throughout New England? Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company.”

MRS. TEMPLE

Twenty-five thousand a year!

HOLDEN

It sounds incredible!

JED

That's as much as the King of England gets, ain't it?

EDITH

(*Hands another telegram to HOLLIDAY.*)
Here you are.

HOLLIDAY

(*Reads.*)

“ Name lowest figure any night next week to lecture at New York Hippodrome. All New York wants to hear you.—Charles Dillingham.”

JAYSON

Who's he?

JED

He must be all right; he's got a fancy name.
(One cheer and laugh offstage L.)

HOLDEN

(Looking out of window.)

Look, they've got the crowd dancing now.

EDITH

(Hands HOLLIDAY rest of the telegrams.)
 Here you are; they're all open.

HOLLIDAY

(Reads.)

“Please don't close moving picture rights until you talk with our representative who arrives Johnsburg 3:30 to-day.—Universal Film Company.”

(Reads another.)

“Will pay you two dollars a word for 5,000 word article signed by you. Wire answer.—National Magazine.”

HOLDEN

Two dollars a word!

JED

I wish to God my wife could get that much!

HOLLIDAY

(Reads another wire, laughs, rises, and goes to C.)
(All gather around him.)

EDITH

(As she goes to R. of him.)

What is it?

HOLLIDAY

Here's a rich one!

(Reads wire.)

“God bless you. William Jennings Bryan.”

*(All laugh.)**MRS. TEMPLE goes upstage and sits on arm of couch.)**(HOLDEN stays L. of HOLLIDAY; JAYSON and EDITH go R.)*

ANNA

(Enters from L., followed by HENDRICKS, who comes down C.)
This gentleman wants to see you, Mr. Holyday.
(Exits L.)

HOLLIDAY

(Turns to HENDRICKS.)
Well, sir; what's on your mind?

HENDRICKS

Mr. Holliday?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, sir.

HENDRICKS

(Holding card to HOLLIDAY.)
That's who I am.

HOLLIDAY

(Reads.)

"George B. Hendricks, representing the Imperial Motion Picture Company of New York City."

HENDRICKS

Yes, sir; just arrived here on the 11.40 with a staff of seven men and four machines. The cameras are set; the operators are standing by; the crowd has been rehearsed, and everything is in readiness. All we ask now is that you spare us thirty minutes of your time, and within forty-eight hours Billy Holliday will be flashed on the screen in every principal city of the United States.

(Two cheers offstage L.)

HOLLIDAY

(Flips over telegrams he has in his hand and picks out the one from the Universal Film Company.)

I'm sorry, old pal, but I've got to wait and talk to this fellow first.

(Hands the wire to HENDRICKS.)

HENDRICKS

(Looks at the message and laughs as he reads the signature.)

The Universal, eh? Well, for once we beat them to it.

(Hands telegram to HOLLIDAY, then takes check from his pocket.)

Mr. Holliday, here is a certified check on the Corn Exchange Bank drawn to your order. It will take you just thirty minutes to earn the right to cash it.

(Hands the check to HOLLIDAY.)

HOLLIDAY

(As he reads the amount on check.)

Ten thousand dollars!

ALL

What!

HOLLIDAY

What is this, anyway; a practical joke?

CHIEF

(Enters from L., followed by six policemen.)

Come on, boys!

(All turn upstage and look at CHIEF; HENDRICKS goes L.)

Come on, line up here. Get in a straight line.

(Lines the policemen across upstage, then comes down C.)

HOLLIDAY

There you are! The first chance I ever had to get some real money, and I'm pinched.

(Turns C. to CHIEF.)

CHIEF

Hello, Mr. Holliday! We come here to see you.

HOLLIDAY

I thought so.

HOLDEN

What does this mean, Chief?

(MRS. TEMPLE drops down to L. of HOLDEN.)

CHIEF

(Turns L. to HOLDEN.)

I'm sorry to break into your house this way, Parson, and we wouldn't have done it, but we've been waiting outside for Mr. Holliday for five minutes, and some of the men have got to be back at their posts at one o'clock, so we took a chance and come in.

HOLDEN

This is an outrage!

CHIEF

Well, we went to the hotel and couldn't find him there, so we made up our minds we were going to find him; didn't we, boys?

POLICEMEN

Yep!

CHIEF

(To HOLDEN.)

It won't take us a minute and then it'll be all over.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

They all know it; everyone of them. We learned it together this morning.

HOLLIDAY

Learned what?

CHIEF

"The Star Spangled Banner." Will you listen to us sing it?

(One cheer offstage L.)

(All laugh.)

HOLLIDAY

Not right now. I've got to go out and earn ten thousand dollars. I'll be back in a minute.

(Turns R. to JAYSON.)

Call up Weymouth and tell them I'll be there tomorrow night with bells on.

(Turns upstage toward POLICEMEN.)

Go to it, boys. Sing your heads off.

(To HENDRICKS.)

Come on, Hendricks.

(Grabs HENDRICK'S arm and goes upstage to L. door.)

(After business they exit L.)

(*The CHIEF and COPS start singing "The Star Spangled Banner."*)
(*JAYSON sits at table R. phoning.*)

(*As COPS sing, the crowd offstage L. cheer until curtain is down.*)

(*EDITH crosses stage, jumps up on window seat between HOLDEN and MRS. TEMPLE and looks out of window.*)

JAYSON

(*Seated L. of R. table phoning.*)

Hello!....Give me Weymouth....I want to talk to the Y. M.
C. A.

(*Ad. lib.*)

CURTAIN

“Hit-the-Trail Holliday”

ACT III.

SCENE: JAYSON'S private office in the AMERICAN HOUSE.

At rise of curtain, EDITH is discovered downstage left, working on typewriter.

JAYSON

(Enters from R., takes off his hat, hangs it upstage R., comes down to below C. desk, mopping his face with his handkerchief, arranges things on desk, then turns to EDITH.)

How are you getting on, Edith?

EDITH

(Turns to him.)

All right, Mr. Jayson; I'll be finished very soon now.

JAYSON

(As he looks at his watch.)

You've been at that quite a while now; it must be a pretty long speech?

EDITH

It is; over 3,000 words. He was up all night writing it, he said. It's perfectly wonderful, though. Just listen to this.

(Reads from speech she is copying.)

“Intoxication produces incapacity, poverty, misery, imbecility, disease, delirium, insanity and death. The medical officer of the Prison Service calculates that alcoholic intoxication is answerable for over sixty per cent. of indictable crimes of violence.”

JAYSON

Did he write all that himself?

EDITH

Every word of it.

(Rises with copy of speech and goes to L. of JAYSON.)

Here's his copy in his own handwriting. Did you know that the children of alcoholics suffer in mind and body for the sins of their parents? That they are born weak and defective, and that over thirty per cent. of them die before the age of twenty-one?

JAYSON

Well, no; to tell you the truth, I didn't.

EDITH

Well, it's so; he has it all here. Why, I had no idea of the amount of alcohol consumed in this country. He gives facts and figures. It's all perfectly astounding!

JAYSON

I didn't know he was so well informed. Do you suppose it's all true?

EDITH

Why, of course it's true.

(*Picks up book from desk.*)

He got it all out of this encyclopedia.

JAYSON

The encyclopedia? Oh, I see!

(*Turns R.*)

EDITH

(*As she goes to her desk L.*)

This will certainly make the people of Weymouth sit up and take notice.

(*Resumes work on typewriter.*)

JAYSON

(*As he goes to water cooler R. for glass of water.*)

He's a mighty smart young man. The seven bartenders that went on a strike yesterday are all working again, thanks to him.

(*Comes to R. C. on last line.*)

EDITH

(*Turns to JAYSON.*)

Oh, they went back, did they?

JAYSON

Not back to the saloons? No. Mr. Holliday got them jobs at the different soda fountains around town. That's what's he's been doing all morning. He landed the last one about ten minutes ago in Dave Whitely's drug store.

(*Drinks the water and takes glass back to cooler.*)

EDITH

(Laughs.)

Bartenders at the soda fountain?

JAYSON

(As he goes up R. of desk.)

Yes, and you ought to see the crowds drinking it. They'll sell more soda to-day than they have in the last year.

(Sits above C. desk.)

EDITH

Where did you leave Mr. Holliday?

JAYSON

He went down to the depot. Said he expected some people in on the 3:25.

PETE

(Enters from R. with a pile of letters, and comes to R. of desk.)

Where'll I put these?

JAYSON

What is it, Pete?

PETE

More mail for Mr. Holliday.

JAYSON

Lord, if it keeps on he'll need half a dozen secretaries. Dump it right there, Pete.

(Points to R. side of desk.)

PETE

(As he dumps mail on desk and starts R.)

I guess this is the busiest day the post office in this town ever had.

(Exits R.)

JAYSON

(Rises and starts L. The phone on desk rings. He goes to desk and picks up phone.)

Hello!.....Mr. Jayson.....Yes.....Oh, hello, Felix.....

(HOLLIDAY enters from R. with hat and coat boxes. He crosses upstage above desk, comes down to R. of EDITH and peers anxiously over her shoulder at speech she is copying.)

(JAYSON continues in phone.)

I'll tell Mr. Holliday.....Yes, thanks.....Good-bye.

(Rises and goes to R. of HOLLIDAY, who turns to him.)

The railroad people have just phoned that they're running three excursion trains to Weymouth; six, six-thirty and seven o'clock. They're putting a special car on the last one for you and your guests.

(EDITH has turned toward JAYSON at beginning of this speech. At its conclusion she smiles and resumes her work.)

HOLLIDAY

I hope they have a doctor and a trained nurse aboard. I'm beginning to get stage fright already.

(Starts upstage L.)

It's a shame to muss up your private office this way, Mr. Jayson.

(Puts the two boxes on table up L.; also hat he is wearing.)

JAYSON

That's all right; only too glad to have you use it.

(Goes upstage R., changes to alpaca office coat, then comes down to above C. desk.)

HOLLIDAY

(As hs comes down to R. of EDITH.)

How are you getting on, Miss Holden?

EDITH

Almost finished. I'm down to where you analyze the brewing material now.

HOLLIDAY

The what?

EDITH

(Picks up copy of speech, turns front and reads.)

Where you tell about the sodium chloride, the potassium sulphate, the magnesium carbonate, and so on. Don't you remember?

HOLLIDAY

Oh, yes.

(Crosses to above desk, L. of JAYSON.)

Say, isn't there some way to call this thing off? I'll never be able to go through with it—I'm too nervous.

JAYSON

Why, Edith says it's a wonderful speech.

EDITH

It certainly is.

HOLLIDAY

I know; but I can't learn this thing between now and eight o'clock; and even if I did I could never pronounce those words—never in a million years.

JAYSON

Why, you'll disappoint a thousand people if you don't speak.

HOLLIDAY

Well, I'll disappoint them if I do speak, so what's the difference.
(Comes down to *L.* of desk; JAYSON goes down *R.*)

EDITH

Don't be silly, Mr. Holliday. You'll be nothing short of a sensation.

(Rises and goes to *L.* of him.)

Just you wait till you tell them what the annual consumption of beer is in this country. Why, there isn't one person in a hundred that knows anything about it.

HOLLIDAY

Don't you think so?

EDITH

Why, of course not.

JAYSON

She's right; I don't know myself. How much was it?

EDITH

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Go on and tell him, just for the fun of the thing.

HOLLIDAY

(To JAYSON.)

Don't you really know?

JAYSON

Haven't the slightest idea.

HOLLIDAY

Then I'll surprise you.

(*Strikes a pose in front of C. desk.*)

During the year 1912—

(*EDITH turns to her desk and glances at speech.*)

— the people of the United States and Canada consumed —

(*Turns to EDITH.*)

How much was it?

EDITH

Twenty-eight million, five hundred and fifty thousand, six hundred and sixty-two.

HOLLIDAY

Glasses of beer.

EDITH

Barrels of beer.

HOLLIDAY

What did I say?

EDITH

You said glasses.

HOLLIDAY

I meant barrels—barrels of beer. What do you think of that! You can figure for yourself how many glasses that is.

JAYSON

Gracious, it sounds impossible!

HOLLIDAY

And that isn't counting what I drank myself.

(*To EDITH, as she and JAYSON laughs.*)

Put that in the speech.

EDITH

Shall I?

HOLLIDAY

Certainly.

(*Starts upstage L.*)

I want to be sure of one laugh, anyway.

(*EDITH goes to her desk; JAYSON turns R.*)

(*HOLLIDAY comes downstage again.*)

Did you ever hear what Lord Lonsdale said?

JAYSON

Who's he?

HOLLIDAY

I don't know, but did you ever hear what he said?

JAYSON

No.

HOLLIDAY

(To EDITH.)

Shall I tell what Lord Lonsdale said?

EDITH

Yes, go on.

HOLLIDAY

(As he strikes a pose in front of C. desk.)

Speaking in the House of Lords as far back as—

(To EDITH.)

When was it?

EDITH

(Looking at speech.)

1743.

HOLLIDAY

(To JAYSON.)

That's a long time ago.

(Continues quoting.)

"Lord Lonsdale said, as he shook his fingers at the city of London:

(HOLDEN enters from R. and comes down to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

"In every part of this great metropolis, whoever shall pass along the streets will find—

(Turns to EDITH.)

EDITH

Wretchedness.

HOLLIDAY

—stretched upon the pavement insensible and motionless, removed only by the charity of the—

(Turns R.; sees HOLDEN and grasps his hand.)

How do you do, Mr. Holden?

EDITH

Hello, Daddy.

JAYSON

Glad to see you, T. B.

HOLDEN

(*To HOLLIDAY.*)

Awfully sorry to interrupt.

HOLLIDAY

I'm glad you did; I was stuck anyway.

(*Goes up L. of desk to above it and sits.*)

JAYSON

Mr. Holliday was just running through part of his new speech for Weymouth tonight.

(*Turns R. to filing cabinet.*)

HOLDEN

Oh, I'll be there to hear it.

(*Crosses to EDITH at desk.*)

I dropped in to tell you, Edith, that I have tickets on the seven o'clock excursion.

EDITH

Oh, I'm so glad!

JAYSON

The railroad's provided a special car for Mr. Holliday and his guests.

HOLLIDAY

The only guest I'll have will be a bottle of smelling salts, unless you folks are good enough to join me.

HOLDEN

Oh, you're far too kind. There'll be an enormous crowd, I dare say.

JAYSON

Over 300 going from here alone. The Y. M. C. A. brass band is going to meet him at the depot and escort him to the hall.

(*Turns to filing cabinet and looks for letter.*)

HOLLIDAY

I'll bet they play Tipperary.

HOLDEN

That's splendid!

(As he goes to L. of HOLLIDAY.)

I wish to congratulate you on the clever way in which you secured employment for the striking barkeepers.

HOLLIDAY

Well, it was my fault they were thrown out of work, so it was up to me to get them other jobs.

HOLDEN

(Laughs.)

Selling soda! Very happy thought.

(Sits L. of desk.)

But what really brings me here is to see you about this arrangement you made at the Johnsburg bank this morning. I can't allow such a thing.

JAYSON takes letter from cabinet, puts it in his pocket, and turns toward HOLDEN and HOLLIDAY.)

HOLLIDAY

I'd rather not discuss it, Mr. Holden. That's how I feel about it, and I won't have it any other way.

HOLDEN

But I couldn't think of accepting it.

(To JAYSON and EDITH, as he rises.)

Do you know what he's done? Deposited a check for ten thousand dollars in a special account to create a building fund for a new church.

EDITH

(Rises.)

What!

HOLDEN

(Turns to HOLLIDAY.)

It's a very fine thought, and very generous on your part, my son, but—

HOLLIDAY

(Rises and comes to L. of desk.)

Let me tell you something, Mr. Holden. What happened to me in this town night before last was purely accidental, and if there's any benefit to be derived from the accident, the town's entitled to it and not me. That's the check I got from the moving picture people yesterday, and I made up my mind last night that I hadn't any more right to it than I'd have to break into Johnsburg and rob the town treasury. I finally concluded to put it to good use, and while I was in church this morning——

JAYSON

Eh!

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I was in church this morning—the first time in six years. I went there to pray—to pray that I'd get through with this speech to-night without dying of nervous prostration.

(EDITH sits at typewriter.)

Well, that's where I got the idea. That's when I discovered that what this town needed most was a new church, so I went directly to the bank and made the arrangement you're talking about. You might as well accept it, because if you don't I'll turn it over to the public school, or the hospital, or some other local institution.

(Starts for desk, then turns to HOLDEN.)

And I don't want you to think I'm posing as a philanthropist, because I'm not. That's the way I feel about it and that's the way it's got to be.

(Sits above desk.)

HOLDEN

Well, I can't think of anything to say.

HOLLIDAY

That's the way I'll be when I get up on that platform tonight. Oh, it'll be terrible!

(To HOLDEN, as he comes down to L. of desk.)

Do you know how many barrels of beer were consumed in the United States and Canada during the year of 1912?

HOLDEN

No.

HOLLIDAY

Oh— it was an awful amount!

(*To EDITH.*)

How much was it?

EDITH

Twenty-eight million, five hundred and fifty thousand, six hundred and sixty-two.

HOLLIDAY

(*To HOLDEN.*)

What do you think of that!

HOLDEN

It doesn't seem possible!

JAYSON

No, it doesn't; does it?

HOLLIDAY

Well, it doesn't to me, either.

(*To EDITH, as he picks up book from desk and goes to her.*)

You know, this thing might be wrong.

(*HOLDEN drops down to R. of HOLLIDAY.*)

EDITH

(*Rises.*)

The Encyclopaedia? Nonsense! It contains nothing but facts, statistics. Isn't that so, daddy?

HOLDEN

The Encyclopaedia? Yes, it's an authority on all branches of learning.

HOLLIDAY

Is it?

HOLDEN

Why, of course.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, it's a corking book, all right.

(*Starts up L.*)

I'm going to get a copy and read the whole thing.

(*Goes to above desk; HOLDEN goes up to L. of him.*)

PETE

(Enters from R. and comes to R. of desk.)

Four gentlemen from Philadelphia to see Mr. Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

Four gentlemen from Philadelphia? Great Scott, the people that phoned me yesterday!

EDITH

The committee of churchmen.

HOLDEN

How remarkable!

JAYSON

Tell them to come right in, Pete.

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Starts R.)

HOLLIDAY

No, wait a minute.

(PETE stops.)

I can't talk to them. I've got too much on my mind.

(Turns up C., running his hands through his hair.)

I've got to get rid of them somehow.

HOLDEN

But you are going to Philadelphia for a lecture?

HOLLIDAY

(Comes down to above desk.)

I wouldn't go to Philadelphia for anything unless I had to.

PETE

What'll I tell them?

HOLLIDAY

Tell them to wait.

PETE

Yes, sir.

(Exits R.)

HOLDEN

Perhaps I can be of assistance by entertaining these gentlemen until you are at liberty to talk with them.

HOLLIDAY

(In relief.)

Will you do that, please?

(Grasps HOLDEN's hand.)

HOLDEN

With a great deal of pleasure.

HOLLIDAY

You explain to them, will you? Tell them I'm not a regular lecturer Tell them the whole thing's a joke.

HOLDEN

I'll bring them with me to Weymouth tonight and let them judge of that for themselves.

(Goes above desk toward R., HOLLIDAY following.)

HOLLIDAY

That's a good idea; that'll cure them sure.

HOLDEN

(Starts for R. door, then comes to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

But I must speak with you further about this bank matter.

(EDITH sits at her machine and resumes work.)

HOLLIDAY

Yes, but not now—some other time, please—I'm too busy. I've got a speech to learn. Look at this mail—not a bit of it opened. Get rid of that Quaker City Quartette for me and I'll never forget you as long as I live.

(Sits above desk.)

HOLDEN

Don't worry; I'll take them in charge.

(Starts for R. door as JED enters.)

HOLLIDAY

Thanks, a thousand times.

(HOLDEN exits R.)

JED

(Comes down to R. of desk.)

They want a dozen cases of Nearly Beer at Jones's and six at Willoughby's right away.

JAYSON

Good heavens what's happened?

HOLLIDAY

Oh, I forgot to tell you. I've got all the bartenders boosting Nearly Beer at the soda fountains.

JAYSON

(As he goes up R.)

Gosh, that's the biggest demand I ever had.

(Turns to JED.)

Got your wagon here, Jed?

JED

Right outside waiting for the load.

JAYSON

Come on, I'll fill that order in a jiffy.

(Exits R.)

JED

(Goes up to R. of HOLLIDAY with extended hand.)

Put it there, young fellow.

(Shakes hands with him. EDITH turns and looks at them.)

I hit the trail, all right. Haven't tasted a drop of liquor since you spoke the other night.

(Takes flask from his hip pocket.)

There's my flask; I'll never carry it again.

(Puts it on desk in front of HOLLIDAY.)

HOLLIDAY

(Turns and smiles at EDITH, then to JED.)

Oh, then you were impressed by what I said?

JED

No, but I was by what my wife said. She threatens to murder me if I ever take another drop as long as I live. You catch the women all right. My wife thinks you're a Cutey. She cut your picture out of the paper and has it hanging up in the kitchen.

HOLLIDAY

(*Laughs.*)

Well, I'd like to meet your wife.

JED

I wish to God you'd met her before I did.

(*Starts R.*)

Over the river.

(*Exits R.*)

HOLLIDAY

Good-bye.

(*To EDITH.*)

He's a funny old fellow.

(*Puts flask in desk drawer.*)

EDITH

There's a lot a funny old fellows in this town.

(*Resumes work.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*Picks up a pile of letters and reads inscriptions.*)

Letters from shirt makers, boot makers, hat makers, haberdashers, tailors, cigar manufacturers, theatrical managers, song writers, playwrights, book publishers, newspaper editors, magazine owners, patent medicine men, con. men.—PHEW!—and every one of them with an advertising scheme to use the name of Billy Holliday in connection with this, that, or some other million dollar proposition about to be placed on the market.

(*Has opened a letter and found check.*)

What do you think of this! A check for five thousand dollars.

EDITH

What!

(*Rises, picks up typewritten speech and goes to L. of desk.*)

HOLLIDAY

Yes, from the National Magazine, in payment for that story I sent them by telegraph yesterday afternoon.

EDITH

It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it?

HOLLIDAY

You know, I still expect a colored porter to come and tell me that we'll be in in ten or fifteen minutes, and I'll roll right out of this lower berth.

EDITH

Oh, it's no dream, Mr. Holliday; it's all real. And after you've delivered this speech in Weymouth to-night you'll wake up to the fact that you're a pretty big man. Why, this is the greatest thing I ever read in my life.

HOLLIDAY

How can you say that? You know, it's just the dope that you helped me dig up from that big book.

EDITH

Yes, but it's the way you've strung it together and the funny jokes you've mixed in with the facts. And then, of course, I have in mind that wonderful delivery of yours.

HOLLIDAY

Listen; whether you mean it or not, keep talking like that, will you? It makes me feel great.

(*Looks at copy of speech.*)

Is it all finished?

EDITH

It's all there.

(*Lays it on desk.*)

HOLLIDAY

I'll never learn half of it.

EDITH

You don't have to learn it. Keep it in front of you.

(*Goes L. to her desk.*)

Read it, if necessary; all the big speakers do that.

HOLLIDAY

Every time you talk you make it easier for me.

(*Rises and goes down to above her chair.*)

You know, if I thought it wouldn't sound mushy, I'd say something awfully nice to you.

EDITH

I wish I could think of something awfully nice to say to you for all your kindness to my father.

HOLLIDAY

Now, please!

(Goes C., poring over speech.)

EDITH

(Following him.)

It was so fine of you—so unselfish. No one but a great big man could ever have thought of such a thing.

HOLLIDAY

(Reading from speech.)

"The only other time I ever spoke before the V. M. C. A. was to complain about the shower bath in the gymnasium."

(To EDITH.)

I wonder if I'll get a laugh on that?

EDITH

Won't you please listen to what I'm saying?

HOLLIDAY

(As telephone rings.)

Pardon me just a moment.

(Goes to below desk and picks up phone.)

Hello!.....Yes, who is it?.....Oh, I see! Hold the wire a second and I'll put the manager on.

(To EDITH, as he muffles the phone.)

Talk about quick action!

EDITH

What is it?

JAYSON

(Enters from R. and comes down to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

Say, did you put two girls to work in the barber shop, and send a chef out to the kitchen, and tell another fellow to take charge of the dining room?

HOLLIDAY

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. They came to work at the new hotel, but I met them at the depot and arranged with them to come here under your management.

JAYSON

Why, I don't understand.

HOLLIDAY

Well, Granger tried to disorganize your staff—now we're going to get even and disorganize his.

JAYSON

But I can't afford such a thing. Why——!

HOLLIDAY

Here, you're wanted on the phone.

(Hands JAYSON the phone and goes to above desk and sits.)

JAYSON

Eh?

(Takes phone and sits R. of desk.)

Hello!.....Yes.....What?.....Who? Yes, I understand. How many?.....Two hundred and fifty!.....Are you serious?.... Why, yes, but I can't fill such an order.....You must have it?.... Well, I'll do the best I canVery well, good-bye.

(Puts phone on table.)

Cobb, Bates and Verkser, of Boston, want 250 cases of Nearly Beer as quick as they can get it.

EDITH

What!

HOLLIDAY

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. I ran a little ad. in the Boston papers this morning. Here it is; see how you like it.

(Picks up paper from desk and hands it to JAYSON.)

JAYSON

(Takes paper, rises, and goes down R. reading ad., followed by EDITH.)

"Nearly Beer, cool and refreshing. Billy Holliday's favorite drink."

EDITH

Isn't that perfectly great!

(Takes the paper and goes L.)

HOLLIDAY

I just wanted to see how it would work. That's a pretty good order, isn't it?

JAYSON

250 cases? Why, it will take me a week to fill the order.

HOLLIDAY

Well, you'd better work fast, because I'm running the same ad. in the New York papers tomorrow; and if this Boston demand is any criterion, you'll be a busy little fellow for the next few days.

(*Rises and goes down to L. of JAYSON.*)

By the way, where do you make the stuff?

JAYSON

Nearly Beer? Down in the cellar.

HOLLIDAY

That'll never do. If the people start buying you've got to have more room. Isn't there some old shop—some old factory near by that's big enough to convert into a temporary plant?

JAYSON

Not that I know of.

EDITH

(*As she comes C.*)

There's the old bottling works on West Hoover Street.

HOLLIDAY

Bottling works? Who owns it?

JAYSON

Burnham, the coal dealer. He's right here in town.

HOLLIDAY

Well, go and find him; give him a talk. Try to grab it.

(*Turns C.*)

Bottling works! Just the thing!

JAYSON

But that'll take money,

HOLLIDAY

Oh, that's easy.

(*Picks up check, goes above desk and endorses it.*)

Here's a check for five thousand dollars. It's payable to me; I'll make it payable to you; you make it payable to him.

(*Blots check and comes down to L. of JAYSON.*)

Make the best deal you can with him and hurry back and let me know what it is.

(*Holds check out to JAYSON.*)

JAYSON

(*Refusing the check.*)

Why, I couldn't do anything like that.

HOLLIDAY

Certainly you can. You can pay me back.

JAYSON

No, I couldn't.

HOLLIDAY

You want me to make this speech in Weymouth tonight, don't you?

JAYSON

Why, of course.

HOLLIDAY

Then go on and do as I tell you or I'll pack up and take the first train back to New York.

(*Forces check into JAYSON's hand and sits above desk.*)

JAYSON

(*As he goes upstage R. of desk.*)

I'm dumbfounded. I don't know how to answer.

HOLLIDAY

Look what I've got to answer—a million letters. Go on, get that bottling works.

JAYSON

Yes, sir.

(*Gets his hat up R., then comes down to R. of desk.*)

And shall I keep these people you've put to work?

HOLLIDAY

Certainly. The only way to fight Granger is with his own weapons.

PETE

(Enters from R.)

A telegram for you, Mr. Jayson.

(Hands it to JAYSON.)

JAYSON

(Hands telegram to HOLLIDAY.)

Open it, will you? I'm so nervous I'm shivering like a leaf.

(HOLLIDAY opens wire.)

PETE

Those are certainly two swell manicure girls down in the barber shop. There's over twenty fellows in there waiting to get shaved.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY

See? Business is booming already.

(Reads telegram.)

"Express immediately 200 cases Billy Holliday's favorite drink. Wheeling and Webster, Wholesale Grocers, Providence, R. I."

EDITH

200—that's 450 cases.

JAYSON

That's the first order I ever got from Providence

HOLLIDAY

It's the first time Providence ever ordered anything.

EDITH

(Starts R., passing above desk.)

I'm going to see what those manicure girls look like.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY

(To JAYSON, as he rises.)

You'll have to put on high speed to supply this demand. Go on get that bottling works.

(Starts L.)

(Goes to L. table, opens box and puts on his frock coat.)

JAYSON

Lord, I'm so excited I don't know what I'm doing.
(*Starts R. and meets GRANGER entering.*)

GRANGER

I want to see you, Jayson.

JAYSON

Not now. I can't wait. You'll have to make it later. I'm in an awful hurry.

(*Exits R.*)

(GRANGER comes to R. of desk and watches HOLLIDAY.)

HOLLIDAY

(*After changing to frock coat he comes down to L. of desk, props speech in front of him, strikes a pose and declaims.*)

"And that which is supposedly the most harmless of all the alcoholic concoctions is the deadliest poison a man can possibly put to his lips. I refer to that filthy intoxicating beverage commonly known as beer.

GRANGER

Are you going to make that speech in Weymouth tonight?

HOLLIDAY

Sure; are you coming over to hear me?

GRANGER

I don't think you're realizing the harm you're doing, Holliday. You've talked these fool people into taking a stand against the industry that supports the town, and the town of Weymouth, too. Over 900 men are employed in the two plants and they all have families to support. Now it's in my power to close the doors of both these breweries and throw these men out of work. If this happens there'll be the damndest, free-for-all fight ever known in the history of New England. I'm putting it up to you cold now, young fellow. What are you going to do? Preach them out of their jobs, or go about your business and leave the town the way you found it?

HOLLIDAY

Well, I couldn't leave it much worse than I found it; a community scared to death and shaking in its boots at a big, blustering, bulldozing, tin-horn millionaire that makes the rules and regulations by which the people all live and breathe, and talks loud and pounds the

table and frightens children, and runs things in general to suit his own whims and conveniences; and allows his nasty-tempered, irritating, cowardly offspring to go about insulting everyone who doesn't happen to bow down and make way and sing, "Here comes the King" everytime he approaches. That's the way I found this town, Mr. Granger. People turning pale and trembling at sight of you and your son. That's why I took the stand for Mr. Jayson the other day; because a kind, timid old gentleman, was getting a raw deal from a brow-beating loafer, and I didn't intend to let you get away with it. That's why I went to the front for those poor devils at Johnsburg Hall the same night; because you tried to give them the worst of it, and I just naturally made up my mind that you wouldn't. You forced me to lead that parade. You forced me up on that platform, and the result is that a well known New York bartender making a speech in favor of temperance under the auspices of the Prohibition party was novelty enough for the Associated Press to shoot the story from one end of the country to the other and put me in a class with Bryan, Roosevelt and the Kaiser—so you see you brought the whole thing on yourself. It's your fault that this speech is written. It's your fault that I'm going to make it. It's your fault that this town is in the condition it is today, so don't blame me because it's all your own fault.

(Walks toward L., then whirls on GRANGER.)

And I want to tell you something else. Now that I've been able to get that off my chest, I'm satisfied that I'm a regular speech-maker and I just made up my mind that I'm never going to tend bar again as long as I live.

(Walks up and down L. studying speech.)

DEAN

(Enters from R. and comes to above GRANGER.)

Say, Governor, do you know what this fellow's done. He's stolen all our help that we brought on from New York. He's got them all working here in this hotel.

GRANGER

How do you know?

DEAN

I just found out. The manicures, the chef, and the head waiter all started in here an hour ago.

GRANGER

Are you sure?

DEAN

Certainly. I just gave those two women down in the barber shop a piece of my mind. It told them what I thought of them, all right.

HOLLIDAY

If I catch you in that barber shop again I'll spank you with a razor strop.

(Walks up and down L.)

GRANGER

(Crosses downstage to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

Say, what are you trying to do?

HOLLIDAY

I'm trying to learn this speech. I'm very busy. If I wasn't, I'd take Dare Devil Dick there and manicure one of his eyes.

GRANGER

(As he goes up L. of desk to DEAN over R.)

If you're a son of mine go and smash him.

HOLLIDAY

(As he goes to L. of desk and lays copy of speech on it.)

If he was a son of mine I'd smash him, all right.

(Starts muttering inaudibly and making extravagant gestures as if delivering a speech.)

DEAN

(As he watches HOLLIDAY.)

Do you think I want any trouble with a crazy man? Look at him!

(GRANGER turns and looks at HOLLIDAY.)

He's a lunatic, I tell you.

GRANGER

(Turns to HOLLIDAY.)

Mr. Holliday, for the last time I warn you that I mean business. I'll close the doors of those breweries unless you agree to cut out this crusade.

(HOLLIDAY sits above desk.)

If those people are thrown out of work on your account your life won't be worth a nickel, because I'm going to tell them point blank that they can't come back to work until they drive you out of town. Well, have you got anything to say?

HOLLIDAY

Sure; over 3,000 words, if you'll give me a chance to learn them.
(*Pores over speech.*)

(DEAN turns toward *R.* lower door.)

GRANGER

Remember, you're taking your life in your hands. You don't know what brewery people are.

(*Turns R. toward upper door.*)

DEAN

You don't know what breweries mean.

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I do; twenty-eight million, five hundred and fifty thousand, six hundred and sixty-two.

GRANGER AND DEAN

(*In unison.*)

Oh, go to hell!

(*Both exit R.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*Picks up phone as it rings.*)

Hello!.....Who?.....Hartford, Conn?.....All right, put them on.....Hello!.....No, this is Mr. Jayson's secretary speaking.....Oh, yes, how are you, Mr. Hueblein?.....No, it's not for sale.....Not since Billy Holliday endorsed it.....What?.....The state rights?....

(MRS. TEMPLE enters from *R.* and stands in doorway.)

The Connecticut agency?.....Yes, I think so. What's your proposition, and I'll put it up to Mr. Jayson.....Guarantee 3,000 cases a month?.....Well, some people in New Haven are after it. I think if you make it 5,000 cases you'll get it.....Well, we'll hold it open till six o'clock.

(MRS. TEMPLE comes down to *R.* of desk.

All right, wire us... ...Good-bye.

(*Rises and makes notes on pad.*)

Mrs. Temple!

MRS. TEMPLE

Mr, Holliday, I heard you were in here. Am I intruding?

HOLLIDAY

Not at all. I'm just taking orders over the phone for Nearly Beer; it's selling like wildfire.

MRS. TEMPLE

It's impossible to get near a soda fountain in town. The striking bartenders have caused a great how-do-you-do.

HOLLIDAY

So I understand.

MRS. TEMPLE

(As she crosses above desk to L. of it.)

I just came from the Holdens. I met the committee of church men from Philadelphia—delightful men.

(Sits L. of desk.)

Their idea is to build a temporary tabernacle that will seat about ten thousand people and bring you over there for a series of lectures.

(HOLLIDAY drops into seat above desk.)

They all agree that the very simplicity of your speech the other night was what made it so impressive, and that it was, without doubt, one of the greatest sermons ever preached.

HOLLIDAY

Did they say that?

MRS. TEMPLE

Really.

HOLLIDAY

Tabernacle!

(Pauses a moment, perplexed, then grabs the Encyclopædia on desk and starts looking up the word.)

MRS. TEMPLE

Yes. Oh, they're very enthusiastic over the idea, and they seem so pleased at the opportunity of hearing you tonight in Weymouth.

EDITH

(Enters from R.)

Hello, Mrs. Temple.

(Goes to R. of desk.)

MRS. TEMPLE

Hello, Edith.

(Rises.)

EDITH

(As she hands HOLLIDAY a telegram.)

Another telegram just came for you.

(As she comes down R. to below desk.)

You ought to see the crowd in the barber shop?

HOLLIDAY

(Opens wire as he comes downstage R. C.)

Were you down there when young Granger was in?

EDITH

Yes.

HOLLIDAY

What did he say to those manicure girls?

EDITH

Nothing; he just walked in and walked out. He didn't say a word. Why?

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs as he turns up R.)

Nothing; I just wanted to know.

(EDITH turns L. to MRS. TEMPLE.)

MRS. TEMPLE

(To EDITH.)

New manicures?

EDITH

Yes, awfully nice girls. I just met them.

MRS. TEMPLE

Your father told me of the Church Fund Mr. Holliday has started.

EDITH

Isn't he wonderful?

MRS. TEMPLE

I'm in love with him.

EDITH

What!

MRS. TEMPLE

(Laughs.)

You're jealous.

EDITH

Why, Mrs. Temple!

HOLLIDAY

Listen to this.

(Goes to women with open wire and reads.)

"Have sold over 200,000 copies of Star Spangled Banner during the last forty-eight hours. Will be glad to pay you two cents a copy providing you boost Yankee Doodle Dandy and My Country 'Tis of Thee. M. Witmark and Sons, Music Publishers." Can you beat that!

(All laugh.)

JED

(Enters from R. and comes down R.)

Where's Mr. Jayson?

HOLLIDAY

What do you want?

JED

Six cases of Nearly Beer for Whitely's drugstore.

HOLLIDAY

Go down in the cellar and get it.

JED

Right!

(Turns and salutes MRS. TEMPLE.)

Hello, Mrs. Temple.

MRS. TEMPLE

Hello, Jed; how's your wife?

JED

Perfect health. The only luck I have is playing checkers.

(Turns up to HOLLIDAY.)

You'd do a damn sight more good going around advising young men to stay single instead of staying sober.

(Turns to R. door.)

Over the river!

(Exists R.)

PETE

(Enters from R. with pile of mail and dumps it on desk.)

More mail for Mr. Holliday.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY

(Goes to above desk and sits.)

Great Scott, I'll never learn this speech!

MRS. TEMPLE

Well, I'll run along.

(Starts R., passing above desk.)

See you in Weymouth tonight. Goodbye, folks.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY AND EDITH

Goodbye!

(Telephone rings.)

HOLLIDAY

Oh, for heaven's sake!

(Rises, and walks up and down L.)

EDITH

I'll see who it is.

(Goes to R. of desk and picks up phone.)

Hello! Well, who is it wishes to speak to him? Just a moment, please.

(To HOLLIDAY, as she muffles the phone.)

The president of the Church-Goers Society of Paterson, N. J., wants to talk to you.

HOLLIDAY

Paterson? Tell him I'm dead.

EDITH

He knows better than that; he's half sensible.

HOLLIDAY

Then tell him I'm half dead.

EDITH

(In phone.)

Mr. Holliday's busy just now. Call later, please.... Goodbye.

(As she puts phone down on desk.)

What do you suppose he wants?

HOLLIDAY

Probably wants to enquire how to get out of Paterson.

EDITH

(*As she goes up R. of desk.*)

Turn around, Mr. Holliday.

(*He turns and faces her.*)

You know, you look just like a clergyman in that coat.

HOLLIDAY

Is it as bad as that? I thought it fit me.

EDITH

It looks wonderful on you; you should never wear anything else.

HOLLIDAY

If I get away with this speech tonight I never will.

(*EDITH laughs, sits above desk and opens letters.*)

JAYSON

(*Enters from R. and crosses downstage to R. of HOLLIDAY.*)

It's all right, it's all right; the whole thing's arranged. I've got it!

HOLLIDAY

What?

JAYSON

The bottling works—the whole shooting match, machinery and all. Fifteen hundred a year. We're to meet this afternoon at four o'clock and sign the agreement.

HOLLIDAY

That's immense!

JAYSON

(*Hands HOLLIDAY a telegram.*)

And look at this. Just got it as I came in the door.

HOLLIDAY

(*Reads.*)

“Want 200 cases Nearly Beer at once. Enormous demand since Holliday's endorsement. Kelly Brothers, Wholesale, Worcester, Mass.

JAYSON

What do you think of that!

HOLLIDAY

Hueblein just telephoned from Hartford. He guarantees 3,000 a month for the Connecticut state rights.

JAYSON

Billy—I'm going to call you Billy, now—

(Takes HOLLIDAY'S hand in both of his.)

—this will make us both rich men.

HOLLIDAY

What!

JAYSON

Half of it's yours, my boy. It wouldn't be worth a nickel if it hadn't been for you.

HOLLIDAY

No, thanks, Mr. Jayson, I've got all I can do to attend to my own business without going into any other.

JAYSON

Bartending?

HOLLIDAY

No, sir, preaching! I'm through with saloons. They're building tabernacles for me.

(Turns upstage L.)

CHIEF

(Enters hurriedly from R. and comes down R. C.)

Where's Mr. Holliday?

(EDITH rises.)

JAYSON

What's the trouble, Chief?

CHIEF

All kinds of trouble.

(To HOLLIDAY, who comes down to L. of CHIEF.)

You better take it on the run, young fellow. They're all coming this way and they're madder than blue blazes.

HOLLIDAY

Who do you mean?

CHIEF

The brewery crowd—the whole works. They shut down five minutes ago. The men were all told that they're out of work till you're run out of town. They're on their way here now, about 300 strong, with fire in their eyes. You better scoot; I'm afraid you're in for it if you don't. They're a desperate lot, and they're meaner right now than I've ever seen them before. I ran around Dover Street and headed them off so's to warn you.

EDITH

(Comes down *L.* of desk to *L.* of HOLLIDAY, who is *C.*)

Please hide, Mr. Holliday, please!

JAYSON

(*To CHIEF.*)

How about the cellar? Do you think they'll find him there?

CHIEF

I'm afraid so. My advice is to sneak out the back way, hop in an automobile, and get out of town as quick as you can.

(Goes up to *R.* window and looks out; JAYSON goes up *L.*)

HOLLIDAY

I'm not going to get out of town; I'm going to stay right here.

EDITH

Please don't, Mr. Holliday; I know that crowd.

JAYSON

Better not take a chance, Billy.

HOLLIDAY

(As he goes upstage *R.*)

Do you think I'm going to let Granger get away with this? Not on your life.

(Murmurs are heard offstage, which gradually grow in volume until the crowd enters.)

CHIEF

(As he starts *R.*)

I'll see if I can stave them off till you find a place to hide.

EDITH

Do, Chief, please!
(CHIEF exits R.)

JAYSON

(Starts R.)

I'll try to talk to them; maybe they'll listen to me.
(Exits R.)

EDITH

(Up to L. of HOLLIDAY.)

You're making a mistake staying here.

HOLLIDAY

(As he comes down to below C. desk.)

I'd make a bigger mistake trying to run away.

EDITH

Maybe there's something I can do. There may be some one in the crowd I know. Lock yourself in, please, we'll do all we can to keep them out of here.

(Exits R.)

(The murmur offstage grows louder.)

(HOLLIDAY goes over L., puts on his high hat, picks up his cane and gloves, and comes downstage L. as the LEADER and SECOND MAN enter from R.)

LEADER

(Enters from R. with SECOND MAN.)

Here he is! This is him!

(Goes to C. above desk.)

SECOND MAN

(Goes to door R., opens it and calls.)

Come on in, boys, we've found him!

(Comes downstage R.)

(About fifty men enter; not rushing, but walking in naturally and quietly. They form over near R. door, all eyeing HOLLIDAY sullenly.)

HOLLIDAY

(Downstage L.)

Well, gentlemen, what's the idea?

SECOND MAN

We'll tell you pretty quick what's the idea.

LEADER

(To SECOND MAN.)

Wait a minute, I'm supposed to do the talking. That was understood before we came here.

SECOND MAN

Well, go on and talk—who's stopping you?

LEADER

(Comes downstage L. to above HOLLIDAY.)

Mr. Holliday, if you want to go quietly and act like a gentleman we'll take you down to the depot and put you on the train and bid you goodbye, like members of your own family.

(To SECOND MAN.)

Won't we, Ed?

SECOND MAN

Sure!

LEADER

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Is that satisfactory to you?

HOLLIDAY

I don't know what you mean.

SECOND MAN

We mean you've got to get out of town.

LEADER

Yes, our jobs depend on it. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't interfere one way or the other. There's no use arguing—you've got to go and so you might just as well leave without a battle, because you haven't got a chance. There's 350 men in the crowd outside and everyone of us will be out of a job if we don't get you out of town. Those are the orders.

HOLLIDAY

Well, you're not going to get me out of town. I'm going to stay in town and give the whole 350 of you regular jobs.

LEADER

What do you mean?

HOLLIDAY

(Throws his cane and gloves L. and goes to L. of desk.)

I mean a dollar a day more for every man than Granger is paying you, and you're going to have a regular real, honest-to-God gentleman for a Boss. Boys, one of the biggest industries in New England is about to open up, and the plant is located right here in Johnsburg. I'm back of the concern myself, if that's any guarantee, and Mr. Jayson, whom you all know to be one of the finest men on earth, is the president of the company, that is already organized for the manufacture of Nearly Beer, the only temperance drink endorsed by me, and in demand right now to such an extent that we begin operations tomorrow morning at the old bottling works in West Hoover Street—

(Steps up on chair L. of desk.)

—which, over night, is to be converted into a temporary plant, which we will occupy until we find a suitable site to build—

(Steps up on desk.)

—what will be, believe me, one of the finest structures in the world. Remember, boys, a dollar a day more than Granger is paying you—

(Steps down on chair R. of desk and then on to floor.)

—and I want the whole 350 of you to report to me at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Is that satisfactory?

LEADER

(Has backed toward R. during HOLLIDAY's speech, and is now above him.)

Do you mean it?

HOLLIDAY

On my word as a gentleman. And all I ask of you now is that you leave this room as quickly and quietly as you can, because I have to memorize a very important speech which I am to deliver tonight before the Young Men's Christian Association of Weymouth. So now, please, go as quietly and quickly as you can. Remember, boys, a dollar a day more than Granger pays—

(The LEADER and SECOND MAN start the men off R. on their tiptoes.)

—so go as quietly as you can—don't slam the door as you go out, etc., etc.

(Ad lib. as the men exit. He shakes hands with the LEADER and SECOND MAN, then heaves a deep sigh of relief and goes to above desk and

sits, pulling copy of speech toward him and burying his head in his hands as if studying it.)

(Offstage:—Three cheers for BILLY HOLLIDAY! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!)

EDITH

(Enters from R. and comes to R. of HOLLIDAY. She smiles as she sees him absorbed in speech.)

JAYSON

(Enters excitedly from R. and comes to R. of desk.)

We can't use 350 men! Why——!

HOLLIDAY AND EDITH

'Ssh!

EDITH

(To JAYSON, in a whisper.)

He's studying his speech.

JAYSON

(In pantomime.)

Oh, I see!

(Tiptoes out R.)

EDITH

(Stands smiling a moment at HOLLIDAY, then tiptoes out R.)

HOLLIDAY

(After EDITH exits he looks around room, sees he is alone, opens drawer in desk, takes out JED'S flask and drinks, puts it back in drawer and buries his head in his hands and resumes study of speech.)

CURTAIN

“Hit-the-Trail Holliday”

ACT IV.

SCENE: The home of the Rev. T. B. HOLDEN.

Same as ACT II.

As curtain rises, the door bell rings offstage left.

ANNA enters from R., crosses stage and exits left to answer same.

HOLDEN enters from R. and comes down C., looking at his watch.

ANNA enters from left, ushering in JAYSON and HOLLIDAY. The latter hands her his hat as he enters.

JAYSON

(Enters and comes down C. to HOLDEN and shakes hands.)

Are we late, T. B.?

HOLDEN

No, indeed; it's only six-thirty. We won't dine until seven.

(Turns to HOLLIDAY with outstretched hand.)

(JAYSON goes up C., hands his hat to ANNA, then comes down to R. of R. table and sits.)

(ANNA takes the hats out into L. hall, then enters, crosses and exits right.)

(HOLDEN to HOLLIDAY.)

Mr. Holliday!

HOLLIDAY

(Refusing HOLDEN's outstretched hand.)

Remember what you promised.

HOLDEN

(Laughs.)

Oh, that's so; I forgot—Billy.

HOLLIDAY

(As he shakes hands with HOLDEN.)

That's better.

(HOLDEN goes to above R. table, HOLLIDAY following to L. of it.)

JAYSON

We stopped to pick up Mrs. Temple, but they said she'd left some time ago.

HOLDEN

Yes, she already here. She's upstairs helping Edith dress.

(To HOLLIDAY, after a quick look of interrogation, and one of mute denial on HOLLIDAY's part.)

And so you're really going to leave us, Billy?

HOLLIDAY

Tomorrow morning at 8:30.

HOLDEN

We'll miss you, my boy. The town won't seem the same without you.

(Sits above table.)

JAYSON

That's what I was telling him. I guess half of Johnsburg will be down to the depot to bid him good-bye.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, it's not exactly good-bye.

(Sits L. of table.)

I expect to dash back every once in a while and say "how do you do."

HOLDEN

Well, I sincerely hope so. I dare say you'll receive an enormous reception upon your arrival in Philadelphia?

JAYSON

Well, if it's any bigger than they gave him in Worcester and Springfield last week I'd like to see it. Gosh, those two towns went crazy!

HOLDEN

So I understand. When do you intend lecturing in New York?

HOLLIDAY

New York? Oh, not till around Christmas time. I've got two weeks in Philadelphia and then I go to Paterson for three nights, and then I jump out West until December.

HOLDEN

Well, you have quite a trip booked.

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I'm booked solid till 1917. ✓

JAYSON

Gosh! I'd like to travel around like that and see the country.

HOLDEN

Well, with the money you're making, Burr, you can soon retire and see the whole world. How is business—big as ever?

JAYSON

Bigger—grows every twenty-four hours. How many cases was it to-day, Billy?

HOLLIDAY

Seventeen thousand, nine hundred:

HOLDEN

Just imagine!

JAYSON

Over 50,000 cases last week; it'll go seventy-five this.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

What was that concern that made the big offer by telegraph this afternoon?

HOLLIDAY

The Coca Cola people of Atlanta, Georgia. ✓

JAYSON

Yes.

(To HOLDEN.)

They offer a quarter of a million for a half interest.

HOLDEN

Fancy such a thing! Of course you'll accept

JAYSON

Billy won't let me.

HOLLIDAY

Well, I should say not! If it's worth that much in two weeks' time what'll it be worth a month from now? Why, you'll get a million easy any time you want to go out of business.

(To HOLDEN.)

You know, he didn't think he could use 350 men at first.

(To JAYSON.)

Tell him what you had to do today?

JAYSON

Put thirty extra to work.

HOLLIDAY

Yes, and he'll need a thousand before he knows it. I tell you, Nearly Beer is one of the greatest propositions that's ever been put on the market.

JAYSON

But only since you endorsed it, Billy.

HOLLIDAY

Don't you believe it.

(Rises.)

My name may have started them buying it; that's all right, but i they hadn't liked the drink they wouldn't have repeated the orders—that's the real answer.

(Takes stage C.)

You know, endorsements, recommendations and trade-marks are all right as far as they go, but you take it from me, you've got to have the stuff behind the advertising. You can spend ten fortunes in magazines, newspapers, painted signs and billboards, but if you don't deliver the goods you haven't got a Chinaman's chance on earth. All this stuff about the American public believing everything they read—

(Goes to L. of table.)

—and following the leader like a lot of sheep, is bunk—if you know what that means—genuine, downright bunk. You've got to satisfy the man that pays his money for the article you put on sale. If you do, he'll say so. If you don't he'll say so. And word of mouth advertising is the only kind of advertising that's worth a nickel in the world. I know what I'm talking about.

(Sits L. of table.)

I tended bar for six or seven years, and believe me, the whiskey

that really sells isn't advertised at all. Do they advertise Wurtzburger beer? Do they advertise Corona-Corona cigars? No. Why? Because they don't have to. They've got the goods and it advertises itself. Now I'll tell you something that I know to be a fact. The only theatre that packed them in and turned people away all last season was the only place of amusement in New York City that wasn't advertised. For fifty weeks you couldn't buy a seat at the Globe Theatre, and there wasn't as much as a picture poster of Montgomery & Stone in any part of the town. You know what Abraham Lincoln said about fooling the people. Well, he was right. Advertising's a great thing—but you've got to tell the truth.

JAYSON

Doesn't he talk wonderful!

HOLDEN

Wonderfully! I could listen for hours. And the strange part of it is I don't know what in the world you're talking about.

(HOLLIDAY *laughs*.)

You know the night I went to Weymouth to hear you speak, I really didn't understand half you said, but I'm free to confess that I enjoyed every moment of the lecture. And I don't think I've ever seen an audience quite so enthusiastic. This remarkable success must be very gratifying.

HOLLIDAY

It is, Doctor. I think I've done pretty well in two short weeks. I've closed up two breweries, a couple of hundred saloons; got the whole country quenching its thirst with a temperance drink; made myself famous—and I've got a little money in the bank besides.

HOLDEN

And you forget—the Building Fund you started for my new church. It's twenty-two thousand already.

JAYSON

And look what you've done for me.

HOLLIDAY

And look what I've done to Granger.

HOLDEN

Yes, poor Granger!

JAYSON

You know, I honestly feel sorry for Rex.

HOLDEN

So do I. He was at prayer meeting last evening.

HOLLIDAY

Who, Granger?

JAYSON

(*In unison with HOLLIDAY's above line.*)

Eh?

HOLDEN

Yes.

JAYSON

You don't say so!

HOLDEN

Yes, he came here to see me.

HOLLIDAY AND JAYSON

Oh!

HOLDEN

He waited for me afterward and we had quite a chat.

(*To HOLLIDAY.*)

He's very anxious to have a talk with you before you leave town.

HOLLIDAY

Well, I'm anxious to have a talk with him, too. I want to make him a proposition.

HOLDEN

Good! Then I didn't make any mistake in inviting him here this evening.

JAYSON

Granger coming here!

HOLDEN

Yes.

HOLLIDAY

(*Rises.*)

What's the idea?

HOLDEN

He wants to see you and shake hands with you before you go.

HOLLIDAY

(Laughs, as he takes stage C.)

I wish I could believe that one.

JAYSON

(As he rises and goes down R.)

That doesn't sound like Granger.

HOLDEN

He's a changed man, Burr.

JAYSON

(Crosses to HOLLIDAY L. C.)

What do you suppose he wants, Billy?

HOLLIDAY

I don't know, but you can take it from me, there's a colored person in the woodpile, sure.

(At this point EDITH and MRS. TEMPLE enter from R.)

(The latter comes down R. C.)

(HOLDEN rises as he hears EDITH's voice.)

EDITH

(As she enters.)

Hello!

(Comes downstage L. C. to above HOLLIDAY.)

JAYSON

Hello, Edith!

(Goes upstage C., then comes down to above R. table.)

HOLLIDAY

(Takes EDITH's hands as she comes to him.)

My goodness, but you're all dressed up!

EDITH

Do you like it?

HOLLIDAY

Beautiful?

EDITH

I can thank Mrs. Temple for this,

MRS. TEMPLE

(Comes downstage C.)

Don't you believe her, Billy; she made it herself.

(Goes to R. of R. table and sits.)

(JAYSON sits above R. table.)

EDITH

But if she hadn't furnished the material there wouldn't have been any dress.

HOLLIDAY

And if you hadn't furnished the material I wouldn't have had any lectures.

EDITH

If you keep on talking like that I'll believe it.

HOLLIDAY

If I'm to keep on talking you'll have to believe it. I couldn't put 5,000 words together in 5,000 years without you.

(Sits on L. couch with EDITH.)

ANNA

(Enters from R. and crosses to C. upstage.)

Mr. Cusick just brought the ice cream for dinner, and he wants to know can he see Mr. Holyday for a minute?

(JED enters and stands in R. doorway.)

HOLDEN

Mr. Cusick?

ANNA

Yaaas, sir.

JED

(Comes downstage C.)

Yes. Good evening, folks.

(ANNA exits R.)

ALL

Good evening, Jed.

JED

I want to excuse myself for coming in here, Parson, but the girl told me Mr. Holliday was here, and I've got something to give him before he goes away.

HOLLIDAY

(Rises and goes to L. of JED.)

Something for me?

JED

Yes, something that belongs to you—it ain't mine any longer. Before I give it you, I want to thank you for not going around bragging. I know you haven't said a word; if you had, everybody in town would be coddling me. There's half a dozen men in Johnsburg that will gloat over it when they find out, but it won't be half so bad if I tell them myself as it would be if you'd gone around talking. Here it is—it's yours.

(Hands HOLLIDAY a medal.)

Solid gold—cost fourteen dollars and a half. I never thought I'd have to part with it, but you won it fair and square.

EDITH

(Rises and goes to L. of HOLLIDAY.)

What is it?

HOLLIDAY

A medal?

ALL

A medal?

HOLLIDAY

(Reads inscription on medal.)

"Undefeated champion checker player of Johnsburg."

(ALL laugh.)

EDITH

What do you think of that?

MRS. TEMPLE

(Crosses to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

Oh, let me see it, please.

JAYSON

Did you beat him, Jed?

JED

Decisively and skillfully—them's the only words that describe it.

(ALL laugh.)

HOLDEN

How long have you had the medal, Jed?

JED

Five years.

EDITH

Who did you win it from?

JED

I didn't win it, I bought it.

(All laugh. HOLDEN sits *R. of table*; JAYSON *above it*.)

No one could beat me.

(EDITH and MRS. TEMPLE *sit on L. couch*.)

I felt I was entitled to it, so I had it made myself.

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Pin it on, young fellow. I want the whole town to know I can meet defeat like a real champion.

HOLLIDAY

I think you'd better keep it, Jed.

JED

No, sir! You beat me and it's yours. First game I lost in ten years.

HOLLIDAY

That's funny; it's the first game I ever won.

(All laugh.)

JED

(Extends his hand.)

Put it there, young fellow. The championship belongs to you. I'm through with checkers—I'm going to stick to the delivery business. I made two hundred dollars—besides six dollars—last week carting Nearly Beer to the express office.

JAYSON

(At HOLDEN's look of enquiry.)

That's right, he did

JED

Got four men working for me—bringing three more wagons from Holyoke tomorrow. I'll be a rich man—yet—thanks to you, young fellow.

(*Shakes hands with HOLLIDAY.*)

I'll be down to the depot to see you off in the morning.

(*Starts up R.*)

Goodnight, folks.

ALL

Goodnight.

JED

(*Comes down C.*)

My wife won't stop laughing for a week when she hears I lost the medal. I'm going home now and tell her. I tell my wife everything—that is, everything within reason.

(*Turns R.*)

Over the river.

(*Exits R.*)

ALL

(*Laugh*)

Goodbye, Jed.

(*MRS. TEMPLE rises and goes up R.*)

HOLLIDAY

Well, that's the first medal I ever had pinned on me.

EDITH

(*Rises and goes to L. of HOLLIDAY.*)

You're not really going to wear it!

HOLLIDAY

Not till I get out of town. I wouldn't want Jed to think I was going around bragging.

(*Goes L. with EDITH.*)

(*Door bell rings.*)

(*HOLDEN rises.*)

JAYSON

(*As he rises.*)

I guess that's Granger now, isn't it, Parson?

(*ANNA enters from R., crosses and exits L.*)

HOLDEN

I shouldn't be surprised.

MRS. TEMPLE

(*Drops down R. slightly.*)

Granger!

HOLDEN

Yes, he's coming here to see Mr. Holliday.

EDITH

(*To HOLLIDAY.*)

What about?

HOLLIDAY

I don't know.

EDITH

(*Starts up C.*)

Well, I certainly don't want to see him.

MRS. TEMPLE

Neither do I.

JAYSON

I'm not particular about it myself.

HOLLIDAY

You folks run in the other room. I'll get rid of him in ten minutes.

HOLDEN

Oh, now, don't do that. I've invited him here to dinner.

MRS. TEMPLE AND EDITH

(*In unison.*)

What!

ANNA

(*Enters from L.*)

Mr. Granger and his son Dean are here, Parson.

EDITH

(*Down to HOLLIDAY.*)

Both of them!

MRS. TEMPLE

Excuse me! Come along, Edith.

(Starts R.)

EDITH

I should say so.

(Both women exit R.)

HOLDEN

Show them right in, Anna.

ANNA

Yaas, sir.

(Exits R.)

JAYSON

(To HOLLIDAY.)

Shall I wait here or go along with the ladies?

HOLLIDAY

Go ahead; I'd rather see him alone.

(Starts R. toward HOLDEN.)

JAYSON

That satisfies me first rate.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY

(To HOLDEN.)

What is it he wants to see me about, do you know?

HOLDEN

I haven't the slightest idea. But do be nice to him, please.]

HOLLIDAY

Sure; if you feel that way about it I'll make a big fuss over him.

HOLDEN

I wish you would.

ANNA

(Enters from L.)

Right this way, sir.

(She stays upstage C.)

GRANGER

(Enters, followed by DEAN, who goes downstage L.)

(Coldly, to HOLLIDAY, as he goes down R.)

Hello, Holliday.

HOLLIDAY

(Effusively.)

Well, upon my word, if it isn't Mr. Granger! Well, well, this is a surprise! Awfully glad to see you again, awfully glad!

(Takes GRANGER's hand and shakes it, then turns to DEAN.)

And Dean!

(Crosses to him.)

Well, well, Dean, I didn't expect to see you here! This is a surprise.

(Takes DEAN's hand and shakes it.)

I'm awfully glad to see you, awfully glad! Here, give me your hat.

(Takes DEAN's hat, then turns to GRANGER and takes his.)

And yours, too, Mr. Granger. That's the ticket.

(Takes hats upstage to ANNA.)

Here, Anna, that's the girl.

(ANNA puts hats in hall L., enters, and exits R.)

(HOLLIDAY brings chair downstage C.)

Sit, down, Mr. Granger. Sit down, Dean.

(Both men stand glaring at him.)

Well, here we are all together, like Brown's cows.

(Sits C.)

You're looking fine, Mr. Granger—never saw you looking better.

(Turns to DEAN.)

Well, Dean, old boy, how have you been? I haven't seen you in a long time. Sit down, old pal!

(As both men still stand.)

What's the matter? Something wrong?

GRANGER

(To HOLDEN, as he turns R., smiling cynically.)

How are you, T. B.?

(Sits L. of table.)

HOLDEN

Very well, Rex, thank you.

(Sits R. of table.)

HOLLIDAY

(To DEAN, who is still standing.)

Coming down to the station to see me off tomorrow, old pal?

DEAN

Say, we didn't come here to be made game of. What do you think we are, a couple of fools?

GRANGER

(Sternly.)

Shut up and sit down!

(DEAN sits on L. couch.)

HOLLIDAY

(Smilingly, to DEAN.)

There you go, you see! I'm trying to be nice to you, and you want to start the thing all over again.

HOLDEN

(To GRANGER.)

I'm sure Dean misunderstands Mr. Holliday, Rex. I asked him as a favor to receive you cordially.

GRANGER

I understand.

DEAN

(Sullenly.)

Well, he needn't try to be funny.

GRANGER

(Furiously.)

That's enough!

DEAN

Well——!

HOLDEN

(As he rises.)

I'll leave you gentlemen alone. I know there something you want to talk over privately.

HOLLIDAY

Don't run away on my account, Doctor.

GRANGER

Nor mine, either. Anything I've got to say is open and above board.

HOLDEN

(As he goes upstage R.)

I really must see that dinner is properly prepared ; and if I do say it myself, it's going to be a splendid dinner.

(Exits R.)

HOLLIDAY

(To DEAN, in pretended seriousness.)

What do you think of that ! We're going to have ice cream and everything.

DEAN

Aw, what do you think I care about ice cream ; I don't eat it.

HOLLIDAY

Oh, you're just saying that to show off.

DEAN

Aw——!

HOLLIDAY

I'll bet you've got a bag of candy in your pocket right now.

(DEAN glares at HOLLIDAY, then turns away, enraged.)

(HOLLIDAY laughs at him, then turns to GRANGER.)

Mr. Holden tells me there's something you want to see me about, Mr. Granger.

GRANGER

Yes, that's the reason I said I'd come here tonight when he invited me. I know you're going away tomorrow and it's the only chance I'd have. I've got a proposition I want to make. Now, you're a business man and Jayson isn't. That's why I thought I'd better talk to you.

HOLLIDAY

Go right ahead. What's on your mind.

GRANGER

The new hotel, that's what's on my mind. I've got over two hundred thousand dollars invested there, and it should have opened a week ago. I'll tell you the truth, Holliday ; I built that hotel to spite

Jayson when he refused to put a bar in the American House. I'm no fool, and I realize it's worth a man's life to try to sell liquor in this town right now, and I also know that at the next election it'll go as dry as a desert. That's why I haven't tried to renew operations at the brewery. Jayson intends building a big plant for the manufacture of Nearly Beer, doesn't he?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, he's having plans submitted now.

GRANGER

So I heard. Well, I'm no hotel man—Jayson is. I'll turn over the Johnsbury House to him just as it stands—

(Rises and faces HOLLIDAY.)

—and I'll turn over the brewery to him, too. It can easily be equipped for any manufacturing purpose—and it's worth a half a million dollars.

HOLLIDAY

(Rises.)

Let me understand you.

(As he picks up chair and goes up C.)

Let me get this clear.

(As he comes downstage he looks over and smiles at DEAN, who has been watching him. The latter turns sulkily away.)

(To GRANGER, as he comes down C.)

You'll turn over the new hotel?

GRANGER

Yes.

HOLLIDAY

And you'll turn over the plant?

GRANGER

Yes, and I'll make him an equal partner. I'll give him a clear fifty per cent. ownership.

HOLLIDAY

What's the consideration for all this?

GRANGER

A half interest in Nearly Beer.

(HOLLIDAY looks over and smiles tantalizingly at DEAN.)

That's what I want, and with my knowledge of a business of this kind I'll guarantee to show one of the biggest outputs in the United States in no time at all.

HOLLIDAY

We can show that now, and we're only two weeks old.

GRANGER

I know but you haven't the practical experience that's necessary to make it a great big concern. I've got all the facilities for the bottling, packing, shipping, and general handling of the goods. Why, it would take you a year to shoot up a plant like mine. I think I'm making you a pretty handsome offer.

HOLLIDAY

We've had other offers, Mr. Granger.

GRANGER

I know you have. But just stop to think, young man; I've got a fortune tied up in this town. And don't forget that I've been driven out of business. Don't you think I deserve any consideration at all?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, I think you do. But I don't know whether Mr. Jayson will feel the same way about it or not.

GRANGER

You're his partner, ain't you?

HOLLIDAY

No, I'm not interested at all, Mr. Granger.

DEAN

(Sarcastically, as he rises.)

No, I guess not!

HOLLIDAY

(To GRANGER.)

Make him sit down, will you?

GRANGER

(To DEAN.)

Down!

DEAN

Aw——!

(Sits on L. couch.)

HOLLIDAY

(To GRANGER.)

What you're trying to buy and pay a big price for, I refused as a present less than two weeks ago. I've picked out my line of business and I'm going to stick to it. I'm going to preach temperance from one end of this country to the other—and I'm on the level with it, too.

GRANGER

(In a confidential tone, smiling cynically.)

There's a lot of money in the game, isn't there?

HOLLIDAY

Yes, a whole lot of it. The vice-president of the Amalgamated Brewers and Distillers of America came to Johnsburg forty-eight hours ago and offered me a hundred thousand dollars for the next five years to keep my mouth closed, but you see I'm still talking. That's how much I care about the money, Mr. Granger.

GRANGER

Well, will you talk to Jayson and explain to him what I'm willing to do?

HOLLIDAY

I'll do all I can to help you, Mr. Granger. And if you'll guarantee not to interfere with the management of the concern, I think I can arrange things along the lines you've mapped out.

GRANGER

You needn't be afraid of that. All I want to do is to protect the money I've got invested here, and this is my only chance.

(As he turns down R.)

I'm going to move to New York, anyway.

DEAN

(As he rises.)

Thank God!

HOLLIDAY

(*Turns to DEAN.*)

Down!

DEAN

(*Starts to comply; then, as he realizes it is HOLLIDAY speaking, he rises and goes angrily up L. He comes downstage L. again as ANNA enters.*)

ANNA

(*Enters from R.*)

The Parson says dinner is served whenever you-all gentlemen is ready.

HOLLIDAY

Very well, Anna, we'll be right there.

ANNA

Yaas, sir.

(*Exits R.*)

HOLLIDAY

(*To GRANGER.*)

We'll get together after dinner and talk the matter over with Mr. Jayson. They're waiting for us; we'd better go in.

(*Starts up C.*)

GRANGER

Wait a minute, please.

(*Crosses to Dean. HOLLIDAY drops down R.*)

Dean, I want you to shake hands with Mr. Holliday and apologize for the way you've acted toward him ever since he's been in town.

DEAN

What!

GRANGER

That's what I brought you here for. I heard all about your actions in the barber shop the first day you met him. Sam Stallings told me the whole story. Now, I want you to shake hands with him and ask his pardon.

(*After a slight pause.*)

Go on.

DEAN

Well, I guess not! What do you think I am!

GRANGER

Dean Granger, if you don't do as I tell you I'll cut you off without a nickel. Not one dollar of my money will you ever get as long as you live unless you apologize to this gentleman right now. Do you understand?

DEAN

Well, I'm not going to apologize; not if I have to starve for the rest of my life.

GRANGER

Do you mean that?

DEAN

You bet I mean it!

GRANGER

Give me your hand, son.

(Shakes DEAN'S hand.)

I just wanted to try you. I'd made up my mind to kick you out if you hadn't taken the stand you did.

(Looks over at HOLLIDAY, smiling proudly, as he pats DEAN'S shoulder.)

Gad! I guess there must be something to you, after all.

(Crosses to HOLLIDAY, laughing.)

He isn't as big a coward as you thought he was, is he?

HOLLIDAY

No, not half as big.

DEAN

What do you mean by that!

HOLLIDAY

(Crosses to DEAN. GRANGER drops down R.)

I'd like to shake hands with you on that myself, Dean. I didn't think you were game enough to go through like that.

(Extends his hand to DEAN.)

GRANGER

(As DEAN looks over at him.)

Go on, shake hands with him.

DEAN

(As he puts his hands in his pockets.)

I'll never shake hands with you until you apologize for pulling my nose.

HOLLIDAY

I wouldn't apologize to you for a million dollars.

DEAN

Do you mean that?

HOLLIDAY

You can bet I mean it!

DEAN

Then you're twice the man I thought you were. Shake!

(He and HOLLIDAY shake hands.)

(GRANGER laughs.)

EDITH

(Enters from R. and comes to C. upstage.

We're waiting for you folks.

GRANGER

(Turns to her.)

Good evening, Miss Holden.

EDITH

(Bows.)

Mr. Granger.

DEAN

(Goes up to EDITH, extending his hand.)

Hello, Edith.

EDITH

Hello, Dean.

(Shakes his hand.)

DEAN

We're going to New York to live.

EDITH

That's good,

DEAN

What do you mean by that?

(EDITH comes down to R. of HOLLIDAY.)

HOLDEN

(Enters from R.)

Come along, Rex, dinner is served.

GRANGER

Right with you, T. B.

(As he goes up R. of table.)

Come on, Dean.

DEAN

(Sulkily, as he drops down R. C.)

I don't want any dinner; I'm not hungry.

GRANGER

Come on, I tell you.

(HOLDEN exits R.)

DEAN

Oh, all right.

(To EDITH and HOLLIDAY, as they laugh.)

What are you laughing at?

HOLLIDAY

I'm just wondering what you'll do to Broadway.

DEAN

(As he goes up C.)

Oh, I've been to New York before. What do you think I am, a Rube?

GRANGER

(Impatiently.)

Come on, Dean.

(Exits R.)

DEAN

(As he goes R.)

Oh, that fellow makes me sick!

(Exits R.)

(EDITH and HOLLIDAY laugh.)

EDITH

(*To HOLLIDAY.*)

Tell me, what did Mr. Granger want to see you about?

HOLLIDAY

He made me exactly the same proposition I was going to make to him. Mr. Jayson and I figured it out this afternoon.

EDITH

What was it?

HOLLIDAY

I'll tell you later. Are your things all packed?

EDITH

Yes; but I'm terribly nervous.

HOLLIDAY

Do you love me?

EDITH

Crazy about you!

(*They embrace.*)

HOLDEN

(*Enters from R., followed by JAYSON and MRS. TEMPLE.*)

Listen, children I've a great idea. We'll surprise the Grangers. I'll perform the ceremony before we sit down to dinner. What do you say?

(*JAYSON comes down R.*)

(*MRS. TEMPLE comes down to L. of HOLLIDAY.*)

HOLLIDAY

I say yes.

EDITH

Oh yes, let's.

MRS. TEMPLE

Are you surprised, Mr. Jayson?

(*ALL laugh at JAYSON'S look of amazement.*)

JAYSON

I should say so! Why, it's like a story in the Saturday Evening Post.

HOLLIDAY

That's just what it is.

HOLDEN

Join hands, my children.

(Goes above EDITH and HOLLIDAY, takes prayer-book from his pocket and begins reading marriage service.)

“ Dearly beloved, we are gathered here together in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is the honorable estate instituted by God in the days of man's innocency,” etc.

CURTAIN

(As HOLDEN begins the marriage service DEAN and GRANGER enter and stand in door R. until curtain falls.)

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